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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS AT GAD'S HILL (ABOUT 1865)
Photo by R. H. Mason; from "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," by F. G. Kitton

Rivera's American Murals

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

SINCE Diego Rivera is unquestionably the greatest practitioner in fresco of our day and second to none in creative inventiveness, this collection* of the murals he has painted in the United States is of highest interest to all lovers of art. We have to do with a cosmopolitan artist deeply affected by the school of Paris, but also deeply rooted in the popular revolutionary tradition of his native Mexico, and recently imbued with Russian communism. More important, we have to do with an artist of extraordinary integrity and resourcefulness, with a man of great intelligence and titanic power. Such a man brings new eyes to our American scene. He will see much that we fail to see, and perhaps much that we ought to see, and, mayhap, something that is not there. Of the coherence and vividness of his fresh vision there is no question. The critic has only to ask—how ably, fully, and strongly has this vision been expressed? Here is the real theme of this article.

But since Rivera's latest murals purport to be a portrait of our industrial civilization and a rereading of our history, an issue of truthfulness and verisimilitude cannot be evaded. This issue will be met as briefly as possible, and only because the work is frankly propagandist, does the issue arise at all; for the creative artist is free to be as fantastic as he chooses provided that his wishful feeling and thinking hold together; whereas propaganda must be valid not merely in the artist's world, but also in the world of all of us. Esthetically it seems to me not to matter whether any art is propagandist or not. It is a question of assimilation. Is the propaganda soaked up in the art, or does it remain more or less extraneous like the cherry which may or may not enrich the cocktail? A propagandist attitude will generally add to a painter's difficulties, as requiring visualization of matter normally conceived in verbal terms; it may also powerfully reinforce his emotional capacity, and if that can be concentrated visually, his art will become the gainer.

That Rivera's assimilation of his communist ardor is at times incomplete, seems to me evidenced by the fact that all these American murals are illegible, to an observer bringing all good will to them, without the aid of an elaborate text. Unless or until the contents of the text become general knowledge, these murals will not stand on their own shapes and colors, and this is a grave defect in any painting. The critic then has to eliminate the text, and ask the value of what without specific meaning remains on the wall.

In Rivera's case this residual value is

(*Continued on next page*)

* *PORTRAIT OF AMERICA. By Diego Rivera. With an Explanatory Text by Bertram D. Wolfe. New York: Covici-Friede.* 1934. $3.50.

He Has No Shadow

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

HIMSELF, he has no shadow—belly tight
He skims our land and under him no shade.
It is the sun, the very bliss of light
That gives the shadow out of dazzle made.

His coils are melancholy. Heavy snake
Crawl off a little way a little while!
When shall I from this reptile slumber wake,
Move, salute the sun and smile.

The Gospel According to Charles Dickens*

The Life of Christ which, by wish of the novelist, the heirs of Charles Dickens have so long kept in manuscript, has aroused such intense interest in its serial publication and is being broadcast so extensively over the English reading world, that more than the usual review seemed in order upon its publication in book form. We have accordingly asked for the informal opinions of a group of distinguished readers, Protestants, Roman Catholics, Hebrews, experts in children's books, and authorities upon Dickens. These comments, various in approach, and divergent in estimate, are printed below.

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

AS the story of the Gospels told privately by a father to his children, Charles Dickens's "The Life of Our Lord" has touching and impressive qualities. But these qualities, like a fire on the hearth, glow only inside the home and for the family circle; and with the passing of the mystic hour which prompted its writing, the book became dead, cold ashes. It retains interest and significance today only as a footnote to the personal biography of its author.

As the latest of the works of Dickens, "The Life of Our Lord" has even less importance than the same author's "Child's History of England." I can see no point of view, either literary or historical, from which the book has any value, and no imaginable reason therefore, apart from its wild commercial exploitation, why it should have been published.

* *

John Haynes Holmes is pastor of the Community Church of New York.

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

There are many who believe this book should never have been published; for if Dickens had wished it to appear in print, he would have attended to the matter himself. Yet this is now an academic question; for the book is printed, the only difficulty being that many readers will judge it as one of the Works of Dickens. Dickens wrote this manuscript for the benefit of his children; he very sensibly wished them to grow up in an intimate acquaintance with the greatest spiritual Teacher who ever lived. Just as he wished them to know the masters of literature, art, and music, so he wished them to be familiar with the life and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. It seems to me that the book admirably fulfils the purpose for which it was written. The style is adapted for juvenile readers; the incidents are made concretely interesting; and the story has vigor, vivacity, and charm.

But what is best about it is its emphasis. In the mid-nineteenth century, when this book was written, it was commonly thought that the character of a good man was negative. A Christian was one who did not smoke, drink, dance, play cards, or attend the theatre; that was the ordinary conception of a Good Young Man. No wonder religious people often seemed unattractive. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in one of her stories, tells of a little girl who was told that if she were good, she would eventually go to Heaven. Whereupon she said, "Mama, if I am good in Heaven all the week, can I go to Hell on Saturday afternoons and play awhile?" This was not because she wanted to be bad. She simply wished to go where the people were attractive.

Dickens followed the Gospels instead of the current Sunday School teaching of his day. In the Gospels all the emphasis is laid on positive rather than on negative characteristics. It is fine to see in the interpretation of Christianity by Dickens, that goodness means unselfishness, kindness of heart, consideration for others in little things, tact, generosity of temper as well as of pocket, in other words that the love of one's neighbor is really "like unto" the love of God. He deserves tremendous credit for this emphasis, especially at that time.

Mr. Santayana says the good people in Dickens's novels are really good, and the bad people are really bad. In "The Life of Our Lord," the distinction is equally plain.

The book adds nothing to the literary fame of Dickens; but his fame needs no addition. Here we see him in the midst of his family, talking affectionately with his children.

* *

William Lyon Phelps, emeritus professor of English at Yale University, has long been a lecturer on the Bible and Dickens.

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I can't think of more than one word to say about "The Life of Our Lord" and that is "lousy."

* *

Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic and essayist, is one of the best-informed Dickensians in the country.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

I read Dickens's "Life of Our Lord" up to chapter five. Beyond that I couldn't get. For all I know it may have become "louder and funnier" later on. But up to that point it seemed to me *deplorable.* And by this I mean not only deplorable for the world of Dickens readers, but even

* *THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. Written for His Own Children. By Charles Dickens. 1849. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1934. $1.75.

This Week

THE GINGER GRIFFIN
By ANN BRIDGE
Reviewed by Lucille Douglass

COMPANY PARADE
By STORM JAMESON
Reviewed by Stanley Went

THE UNPOSSESSED
By TESS SLESINGER
Reviewed by George Stevens

THE PULITZER PRIZE FIGHT AND OTHER ENCOUNTERS
Photographs by ROBERT DISRAELI

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE
By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN
Reviewed by Stanley Pargellis

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES
Reviewed by John Matthews Manly

SHERLOCK HOLMES CROSSWORD
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

ARTISTS IN UNIFORM
By MAX EASTMAN
Reviewed by William Harlan Hale

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for his children's sake for whom he wrote it. How could he hope to surpass the marvellous language of King James's translators, not only magnificent in itself, but with all the prestige, all the associations, of the sanctity of more than two centuries of use: words read and heard in childhood from the pulpit, heard at the altar, beside the bed of sickness and at the grave? Compare Abraham Lincoln, treasuring, even before he could read them for himself, the words and the sounds of the verses as they fell from his mother's lips, and Dickens's reshaping them into the smooth Victorian English. I am sure that you and many others appreciate as I do the wonderful language of the New Testament: such remembered phrases as,—"and suddenly there came a sound as of a rushing mighty wind."

But perhaps you do not know, unless some one inflicted Greek upon you, how marvellous is the translation,—finding words to carry the thought where literalism would be quite impossible. Take the verses that begin, "O, Death, Where Is Thy Sting." In the original Greek it goes on . . . "oh, *Hades,* where is thy victory" . . . but they couldn't say that: then let us try,—O, hell! where is thy victory, that's coming! Then comes the wonderful rendering, "Oh, *Grave,* where is thy victory!"

All this Dickens proposed to improve. But not even Dickens could re-edit Jesus Christ. But there is worse than that. Dickens never seems able to say flat out to his children whether Jesus Christ was a man or a God: he says that people called him the son of God: and he is most flattering and appreciative of Jesus's morality. He is even a little patronizing: in fact he might have called his book, "My Friend Jesus Christ." Dickens was able to throw in plenty of angels; the Victorian generation accepted them in a broad, wholesale way without inquiring too closely as to where and what they were, whether figures of speech or figures of fact: miracles, also, were accepted, and God the Father appearing as Tennyson once said "like an

left over from his radical youth. But his mind turned impatiently from all philosophy, speculation, and inquiry. He wanted to be "respectable," he wanted the world to be "respectable," and he wanted his children to grow up to be respectable under the guiding care of the immeasurable God the father.

Give me rather the unconsoled despair of Abraham Lincoln holding in his arms, at about the time Dickens wrote, the dead body of his little son.

Stephen Leacock, head of the department of political economy at McGill University, Montreal, in his unofficial moments is essayist, humorist, and biographer. His "Charles Dickens" appeared this year.

By LOUIS I. NEWMAN

No life of Jesus of Nazareth can satisfy informed Jewish readers which does not take into cognizance the scientific study of the sources which underlie the Gospel narratives. Hence it is not surprising that "The Life of Our Lord," by Charles Dickens awakens little interest among contemporary Jews, by reasons of its adherence to the conventional Christian account of his life and death. The definite intention of Dickens was to provide a version of the New Testament story agreeable to his children, and hence the material which forms the content of volumes such as Klausner's "Jesus of Nazareth," Enelow's "A Jewish View of Jesus," Radin's analysis of the Trial, and Hirsch's of the Crucifixion, is entirely absent from Dickens's work. Though the illustrious novelist accepts Joseph as the father of Jesus, he also accepts the legends and miracle-tales in a manner entirely satisfactory to the orthodox Christian.

It is unfortunate that Dickens has adopted uncritically the phrases which set Jesus apart from the Jewish people whose race and faith he shared. For example, he declares, that "many Jews . . . hated Jesus Christ. . . . So they said to one another that Jesus Christ should be killed, because He cured people on the Sabbath Day." Nothing is included to indicate that Crucifixion was a Roman mode of punishment, and Pilate is given his customary exculpation. There is no suggestion that the words of Jesus to the lawyer are taken from the Hebrew Bible on which Jesus was nurtured, and Joseph of Arimathea goes secretly to Pilate "for fear of the Jews." Even in the days of Dickens the scholars had written books of which he might have taken appropriate notice, even as today we go to the works of Friedlander on the Jewish sources of the Sermon on the Mount, and to Travers Herford for a sound estimate of the Pharisees. It is, therefore, regrettable that the ancient misconceptions which have bred so much heartache throughout the centuries should be underlined anew through "The Life of Our Lord." It is entirely possible to portray for children the young Rabbi of Nazareth during the troubled and tragic period of his ministry in a highly impressive and captivating manner. The story of Dickens, however, does not qualify according to the canons of judgment which discerning teachers and parents should establish for themselves and the children whom they influence.

Dr. Newman is rabbi of the Temple Rodeph Sholom of New York.

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Dickens's little book is, I think, the work of a good man and of a high-class Broad Church mind sensitive to the moral urges characteristic of the early Victorian age. It is written with the straightforwardness, tenderness, and realism which children ought to find in books and which the religious literature intended for them so seldom possesses. Boys quite realizing it, and to be instinctively grateful for a decent appeal to their imaginations made without the help of fairies and Slavic art. Unfortunately this "Life of Our Lord" cannot suit those whose view of the Savior differs from that of Dickens. Religious faith is something big and explosive, wherefore it needs to be handled cautiously. No one can expect an orthodox Christian to be satisfied with a book which sidesteps the question of Our Lord's divine nature, which puts no stock in the doctrine of the virgin birth, and which assumes that the Last Supper was a kind of farewell dinner.

PORTRAIT OF DICKENS BY C. F. HARTMANN
From a water-color dated 1847, two years before Dickens finished "The Life of Our Lord."

It is true that Dickens does not argue about these matters, but for a child argument is far less important than statement. On the other hand, nothing written in English reflects more admirably the spirit of love bequeathed to the world in the New Testament. If a million youngsters are acquainted with that, as a consequence of reading Dickens's little book, I for one shall be duly grateful.

George N. Shuster is Managing Editor of The Commonweal, *intellectual organ of American Roman Catholicism.*

By ALFRED H. HOLT

Superlatives have already been exhausted over the wonder of receiving from the magic pen of Charles Dickens, sixty-four years after his death, a new book. The lover of Dickens approaches it on tip-toe, with something decidedly like awe in his heart, and with a hope that the "Inimitable" has put much of himself into the story. As he reads, the awe softens into a quiet reverence for the One at whose feet the great novelist was lovingly kneeling, and the hope vanishes—for a time. There is no pretense here: we find an utterly lucid, straightforward account, told in the simplest language for children.

We look in vain for Dickensian humor. An overmastering sense of solemnity seems to have padlocked the puckish spirits of one of the supreme comic writers.

This is a sort of "Gospel according to Queen Victoria." Nothing has been admitted that could bring the well-known blush of shame to the maiden cheek. The word "adultery" has been relegated to the outer darkness; harlots are only hinted at, in "The Prodigal Son;" Herod's reason for imprisoning John the Baptist is given as "because he taught and preached to the people" (here, incidentally, Dickens makes his worst blunder, when he gives Herodias rather than Salome the credit for the actual performing of that murderously effective dance); and the woman who "had had five husbands" is omitted altogether. Need we wonder that Victorian reticence sealed the lips of this man (of whose utter respectability Stephen Leacock has recently assured us), in the presence of such mysteries as "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"? In those days, one did not try to explain such things to children.

If then this document is no sensational revelation of heresy, we must accept such an explanation of its long suppression as that given the reviewer, in 1930, in a personal letter from Sir Henry Fielding Dickens: that his father had intimated "to us all that as the little history was not intended as a literary effort he did not like the idea of its being published as one of his literary works."

Is there, however, nothing "Dickensy" in it? Studying its inclusions, its omissions, its mistakes indeed, and the side remarks of the author, we have had no difficulty heartedness, first: "God makes no difference between those who wear good clothes and those who go barefoot and in rags." The emphasis on love is marked, as when he says, "they loved Him very much" instead of "worshipped," which is harder to explain to children. Less justifiable but certainly just as characteristic is the tearful sentimentality with which he dwells on the death and restoration of Jairus's daughter and of Lazarus.

Where the different Gospels vary, he usually chooses, as any reader of his novels knows he would, the more dramatic version. For instance, he accepts the story that Judas was a thief as well as a traitor—a charge made by St. John alone—and has the Master actually identify the one who is to betray Him by handing the sop to him. Whereas two of the Gospel writers omit the penitent thief from Calvary, no one expects Dickens to—nor does he. And Matthew's delightful suggestion that the night-watchmen were bribed to swear that they were asleep while the disciples were stealing the body from the tomb is duly included.

The author's sometimes unfortunate flair for the sensational and gruesome has left its mark in the "Life." There are unhappy omissions, inept additions, and out-and-out mistakes. But these are unimportant. The important thing is the beauty and power of the story, and the note of peace on which it concludes.

Not everybody will want to read this book. But those who love the Lord Jesus Christ will; and those who love Dickens; and serious students of both; and children; and people who have children. Which is something.

Alfred H. Holt, a Dickens specialist, has taught English at Williams College, and Lingnan University, Canton, China.

Rivera's American Murals

(*Continued from first page*)

surprisingly great. Let me pass with bare mention the two murals painted in 1930 in San Francisco. They are, to judge them from the reproductions, not highly decorative, and they call for the dolmetscher. Rivera is new to America and still in the stage of intelligent compilation. The work has admirable parts, but lacks fine organization as a whole.

Next year, in the Renaissance cloister of the City Museum of Detroit, Rivera spread on the walls the pageantry of the great machine shops. The long panels in which machinery dominates are of a most intricate and powerful beauty of design. The occasional machine workers are characterized with the drastic truthfulness of a Bruegel. Even without the color, alert and graceful spiral rhythms, which for the artist are those of creation itself, whether natural or mechanical, weave into a captivating harmony what to the ordinary eye would be a neutral geometry. Through Rivera's imagination our great shops become a fairy land, albeit the attendant gnomes have tragic and, more rarely, sinister implications. It would be easy to make legitimate small cavils concerning this stupendous series—the overloading of the frieze with huge hands, and inexplicable big nudes; the insetting of predellas of miniature and ineffective scale. It would also be ungracious and unprofitable to urge these doubts. Better to stand on one's unqualified admiration for that apocalyptic fairy land which Rivera has created out of the familiar facts of our American quantity production.

That Rivera's work should outrage, nay swear at, its early Florentine setting was inevitable. It goes far towards annihilating it, and that is well. The respectable archæology of our monumental buildings is not the norm for a creative painter.

It does not speak favorably for the taste and humor of Detroit that its intelligentsia sniffed dire propaganda in Rivera's witchery; that it suspected antireligious parody in the scene of a child being vaccinated either the softest or the most exotic art. Inside the museum, behind Rivera's clamorous frescoes, such things as fake Mino da Fiesoles, Picasso cubes, and period interiors were going very strong with the local talent.

Far be it from me to refight the battle of Radio City. Yet if only for the sake of the record something must be said. If Hell really be paved with good intentions, it is, I am sure, with those of the less intelligent sort. To these must be reckoned that impulsive and merely episodical gesture of liberalism which the proprietors heedlessly indulged in employing the avowed communist painter at all; as well as the artist's naive hopefulness in assuming that what he intended could either satisfy his patrons or fit the place. The enterprise went wrong from the first. Matisse and Picasso, who were invited to be Rivera's mural side partners, very prudently declined to undertake the vast spaces. Such relatively mediocre associates as Brangwyn and Sert were substituted.

That, as Rivera virtually admits in the preface of this book, was sufficient warning that "imagination" was wanted only in the conventional sense. In an air where Matisse and Brangwyn, Sert and Picasso, were thinkable alternatives, no really integral artist could breathe.

In the destruction of Rivera's nearly finished fresco, "Mankind at the Crossroads," we lost, so far as can be gathered from the photograph, rather a notable example of politico-literary invention than a great mural decoration. Nor can I accept Rivera's assertion that the work was simply diagnostic and factual. In representing very forcefully the worker at the central controls of society, in command of the forces of machinery and those of nature, as in disposing his entire design in a disorderly capitalist Right and an orderly communist Left—the painter became the self-elected prophet, predicting what may or may not come about. Rivera's assurance that the prompt communization of Radio City would make his fresco permanently appropriate to the place de-

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serves mention only as an instance of eccentric psychology in a great artist. Merely as prophecy, the painter's confidence that in America the only possible progress lies in a turn to the Extreme Left evinces an inadequate interpretation of our history. The political oscillation through Jefferson, Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt has always been from a Right to a Left Center. While the prophetic role is ever hazardous, it seems reasonable to suppose that in the future as in the past no successful American party will hold an extreme position—reasonable also that the road of American progress will continue to be that of the Left Center as already blazed out in legislation favorable to labor, in mounting income and inheritance taxes, in gradual regulation of the anti-social activities of the great corporations. This is the American political tradition, as it was the English, before us. Rivera's failure to respect it, or even to understand it, reveals the outsider in him and sorely vitiates both his observation and his criticism of our civilization.

That "Mankind at the Crossroads" would have come off as a mural decoration I much doubt. With its great areas of floating plasms and star dust, its huge lenses, it seems to the eye insufficiently related to the central proletarian engineer. Here the color may have brought it together. I can judge only from the photograph. In general, the invention seems too literary for a mural in a concourse—too much in need of an explanatory text. With all these reservations, and they are serious ones—the loss of a prodigious and well sustained invention such as Rivera's is deeply to be lamented. One regrets the pitiful tragicomedy of cross purposes bedevilling the unhappy enterprise from the first.

While the Battle of Radio City ended nominally in a capitalist victory, it really worked for communist good, in conferring a martyr's crown upon Rivera and putting him in funds for the free will offering of nineteen frescoes to the New Workers' School, in West 14th Street. Here the communist rereading of our history called Portrait of America was at home, for the New Workers' School is the headquarters of those communists (the Opposition) who, while meaning to change the American scene radically, are willing to work within the terms it actually presents.

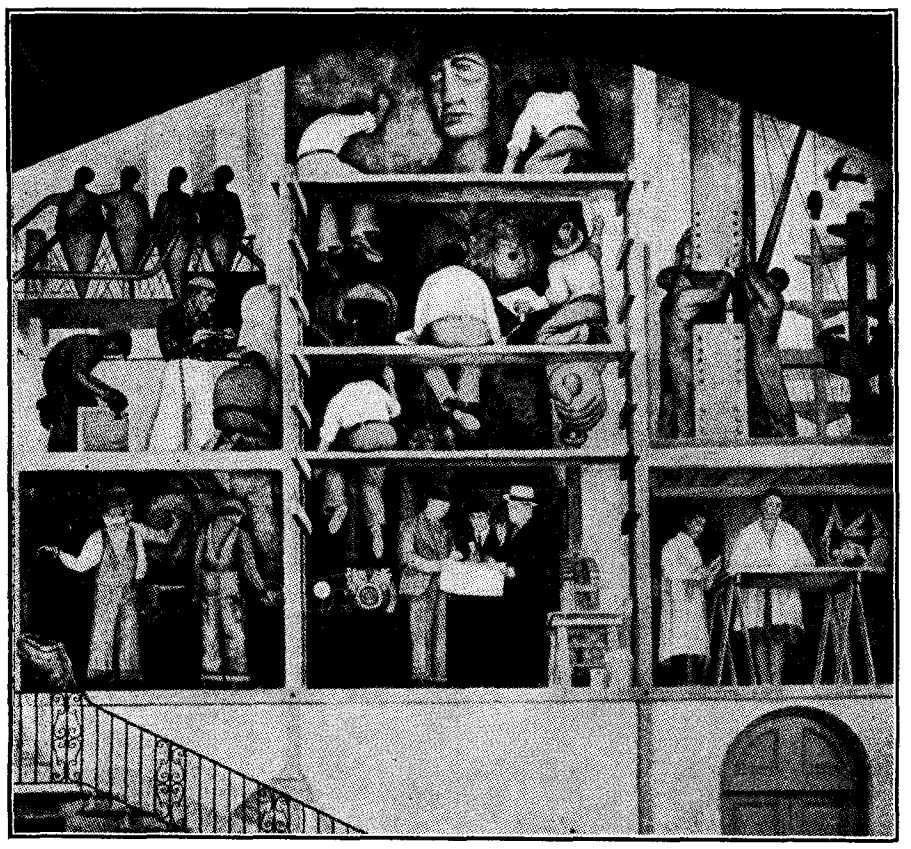
You climb a pitilessly unswerving staircase for three stories, and then, in a low-pitched assembly room with windows on the street and inadequate skylights, you face the strangest and most appalling beauty—the greatest effort of artistic invention that our time has seen. It is the history of America recast in Marxian terms as an unending class struggle preluding the final revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The decorative formulas are new, and for the moment, baffling, but soon one accepts them as reasonable. A group of portrait heads strongly characterized, or often caricatured, occupies the foreground of each oblong panel. These are the leaders of revolt or of reaction. They are surrounded by miniature episodes reaching to the top of the panel and far back. The procedure recalls the close-up of the cinema reinforced by cut-backs, or more remotely those abundant *exempla* which illustrate the main theme of a medieval homily. There are enough familiar faces to tell the newcomer approximately what it is all about, and you may follow the politico-historical meaning either in the text of Mr. Bertram D. Wolfe in the present volume, or more succinctly in the typewritten sheets supplied to the visitor. Mr. Wolfe's able pages are presumably not merely the explanation of the frescoes but also their executive program.

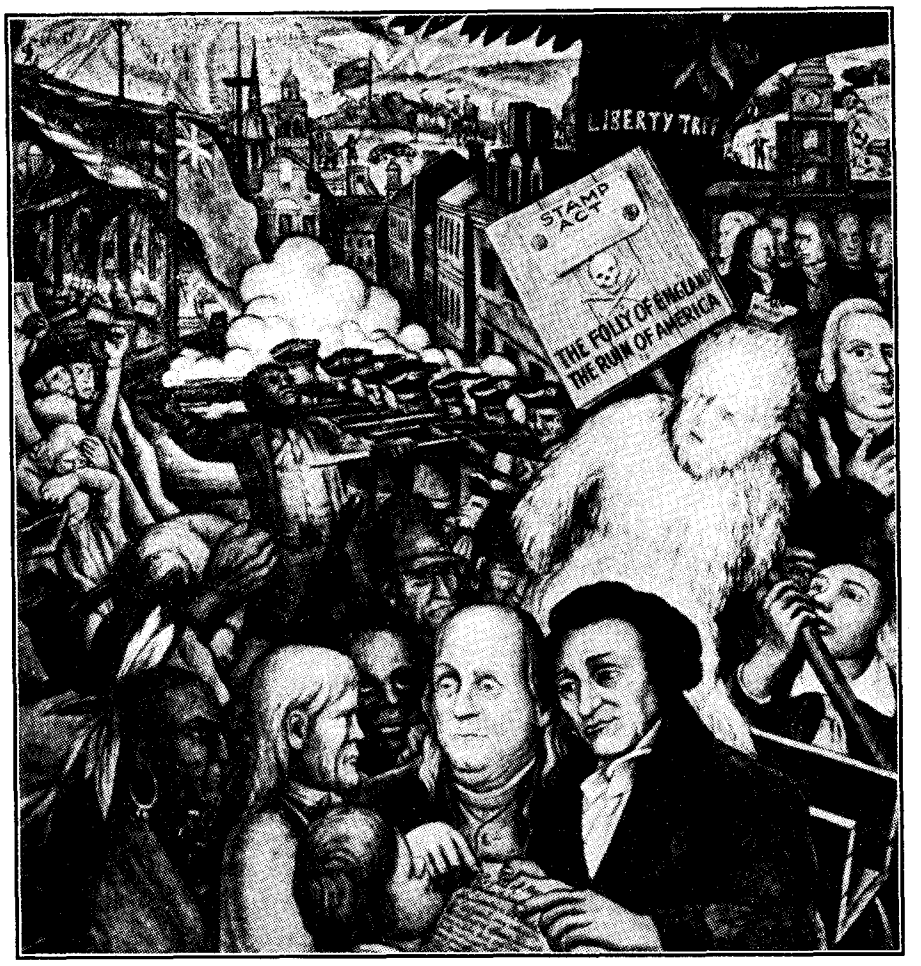
For critical purposes the program is, I feel, simply to be accepted, with congratulations to Rivera for being in such good hands. That it is a lopsided portrait is certain, but it is the true portrait as seen by the Communist Opposition. In their meeting place, any other portraiture would be untruthful. For that matter, excepting a few documentary books, I know of no history of America that is not one-sided—the expression of a prejudiced attitude. To pick holes in the literary program would be the easiest of indoor sports. Is there essential truthfulness in linking together as precursors of communism Jefferson, Captain Shay, the rebel; Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Walt Whitman, John Brown, Henry George, Eugene Debs? I much doubt it. Why are such eminently American figures as the early Fourierites, Robert La Follette and William J. Bryan omitted? Amid the protagonists of reaction I sorely miss that paragon of unctuous humanitarianism among capitalists, Andrew Carnegie. Almost as much I miss the umbrageous side-whiskers of William H. Vanderbilt vibrating to the rhythm of "The public be damned." In fairness too, around the ogreish majesty of J. P. Morgan should be cut-backs showing the noble library he provided for New York and suggesting his wise and magnanimous benefactions to the Metropolitan Museum. If they rest on blood money, it was blood money well spent. Such considerations will occur to a fair-minded spectator, while they are not a valid objection to a program which is drawn up with ability and good faith, and is, so far as it goes, truthful enough.

Nor do I feel it to be a valid objection to these frescoes that they seem to need so much elucidatory text. They will not need it long; they will soon be read in their own right, and read by many, for their portentous vitality will have magnetic attraction in so vital a city as New York.

With the exception of the focal panel representing the future accord of all true radicals, the new method fully justified itself from the merely decorative point of view. Here is not a system of flat pattern, though it is always implicitly present. The rhythm depends upon a balance of three dimensional forms in large but limited



RIVERA'S MURAL AT THE SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL OF ARTS



A PANEL FROM THE NEW WORKERS' SCHOOL
Franklin and Thomas Paine in the foreground; Samuel Adams, extreme right.

space. The system is like that of Michelangelo; only the ingredients are different and more varied. Thomas Benton is working along kindred lines. While the compositions hold together chiefly through an active balance of forms, the color is a unifying reinforcement of a very subtle and beautiful sort. The link from panel to panel is shifting gray which sinks to leaden dulness and rises to clear azure in the frocks of that patient line of girls carefully passing motor gaskets through a stamping machine — an episode of a strange and moving beauty. The failure of the end wall with the three dictatorships —Mussolini's, Hitler's, Lenin's—to harmonize with the rest is perhaps due to the lack of this gray repetend.

In reconciling what are usually incompatibles, Rivera achieves a real triumph. Extreme stylization goes hand in hand with a realism pushed to caricature, and that in no sense of arbitrary mixture. Indeed the tact and *finesse* of this series are as remarkable as its power.

The numerous episodes in the upper background, while topically confusing, are a valuable decorative enrichment, relieving the heaviness of the foreground clusters of heads and bringing the separate panels together as a kind of frieze. The portraiture is amazingly vivid without losing its decorative subordination. The wrinkled mask of John D. Rockefeller, the bloated yet hard visage of J. P. Morgan, the maniacal glare of Goering—these are unforgettable visions. The conventional device of representing in many frescoes the imprisoned radicals in pigeon holes becomes a very effective decorative repeat. Everything as it should be in the sort of a world Rivera imagines.

To this general praise one exception seems necessary. The focal panel on the end wall representing the future union of proletarian leaders falls lamentably out of the decorative scheme. "A solid foundation, monumental blocks hewn out of granite" writes Mr. Wolfe enthusiastically. Rather, ill assorted and piled monumental blocks which seem to threaten a destructive rock slide into the flimsy hall. Here and only here the master has failed to find esthetic forms for his refractory literary material. We cannot always do everything —even the Riveras.

Considering the series on its own basis, as so much history and prophecy, the criticism already made of the mural designed for Radio City still applies. Our American political cycle has always been petty bourgeois revolt in hard times and capitalist reaction in flush times, the revolt of the small bourgeois always gaining in the long run. The reasonable prospect is for the periodic recurrence of the cycle until the equalization has gone far enough to satisfy the majority of farmers and industrial workers. They wish to limit exploitation rather than to abolish it, for few of them have given over the hope of indulging in it moderately themselves. In short where there is no proletariat in the Marxian sense, there is not likely to be a Marxian social revolution. All this has very remote bearings on the artistic merit of this magnificent series. Yet it may serve to calm the cold shivers likely to invade any visitor who takes the narrative : the forecast at their apocalyptic face va

With a gallant self-confidence whic admire and applaud Rivera writes o "Portrait of America":

> The work lasted six months. I did all that I could to make something that would be useful to the workers, and I have the technical and analytical certainty that these frescoes are the best that I have painted, the best constructed . . . and moreover, informed with the greatest enthusiasm and love that I am capable of feeling.

Since the fashion is already set for holding these frescoes inferior to the famous Mexican murals, with their far less rich and more conventional arrangements, I am glad to put the opinion of a very conservative critic behind that of Rivera on his own work.

Merely as a technical feat, to have put these nineteen frescoes through at the rate of less than ten days each, is not so astounding, though probably no living painter but Rivera could have done so. Luca Giordano or Tiepolo could have done them much more quickly, but only the skilful right hand would have been involved, and to a very limited degree the heart and the head. For the six months while these paintings were in progress the dingy conventicle in West Fourteenth Street was the artistic centre of the world.

Returning to the issue of propaganda and the outcry sure to arise concerning it, it does not seem to matter much what possesses the great artist provided it really possesses him, and fully. Subject matter is good or bad only in an historical sense as having proved likely, or the contrary, to engage the imagination of great artists. It is because Rivera has been first possessed by his communist reading of our history that he has in turn possessed his material and shaped it into enduring forms of art. To my colleagues, who will undoubtedly write that the work is great despite its propagandist content, I say that its propagandist content is an indispensable element in its greatness.

Frank Jewett Mather is Marquand Professor of Art and Archæology at Princeton University and director of the University Art Museum. He was at one time assistant editor of the Nation *and art editor of the* New York Evening Post.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

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"Angling . . . is an art worthy the knowledge . . . of a wise man"

The fisherman twists his way through the entangling spicewood and alder of a New England brookside in this expansive May, searching a dark pool with broken water at its head and a swirl of current at its tail, then swings his line clear of overhanging branches and with a sweep in syncopated rhythm drops his flies on the eddy that sucks above a green depth below a sunken rock. And what happens? Only the ovenbird calling perhaps or the jitter of his reel. But if the flies fall gently and true and drift through that crystal under surface world with the right similitude of some living thing that has edible significance to the world of trout, a swish, a splash, a tug, and the trout is hooked.

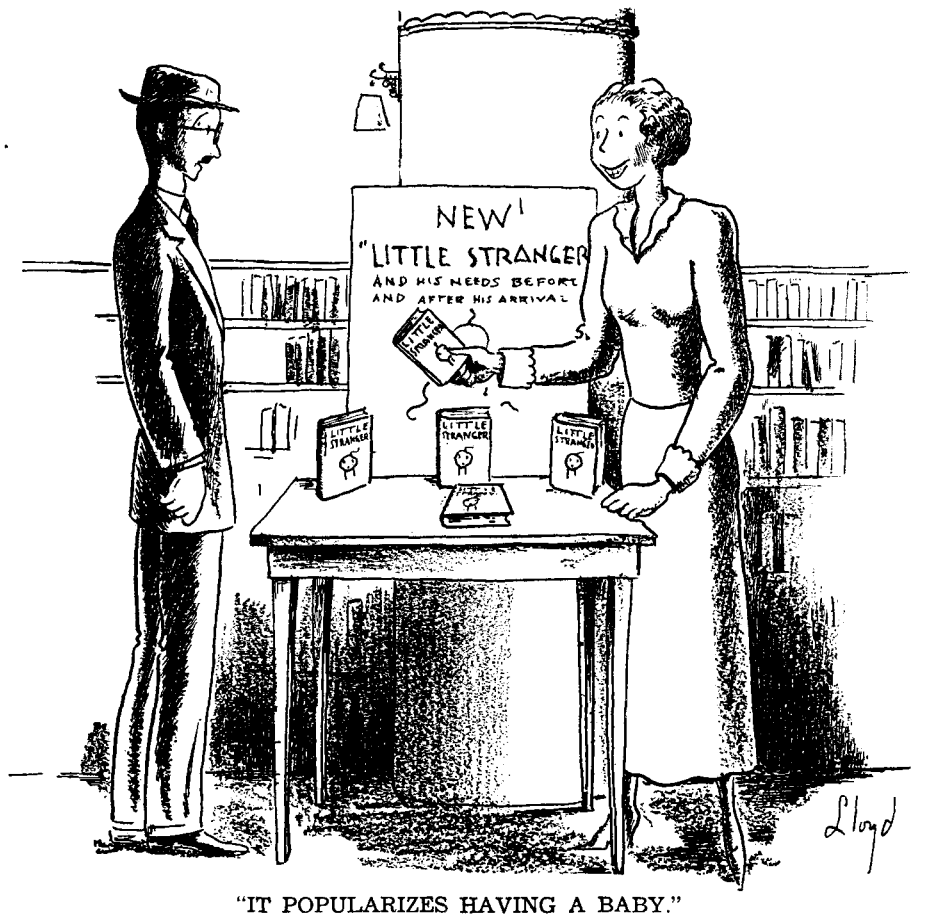
But as man differs country- and race-wise so do trout, and here is the excuse for this pastoral apologue which otherwise would seem to belong in an angler's journal. Our native char, the spotted brook trout of the New England poets, is of a curious temperament. His table is set on the gravelly bottom of a transparent stream, where he finds hors d'œuvres of succulent insect kinds, while his meat course darts above it, minnows and the flashing slivers of light which are the young of his own kind. The gauzy May flies that whirl and drop in dimples upon the surface are not on his diet list, though he may lip them in passing, as a heavy eater will sometimes nip up a bit of French pastry or an olive on the side. But his temper is short. Those trailing wet flies, red, black, brown, that follow one another so determinedly through the crystal heaven of his brook, those fluffy dry flies that sail on and on and never rise but once and then to return like obstinate wooers to the pool's upper door, all of these enrage him. He watches them from under his rocky hiding place or from his bed above the gravel until the tension is too strong. Darting like an arrow from a nymph's bow, he seizes the invader, and for his rage is caught.

But from the West a more tolerant habitant of the waters has been bred into our streams. The rainbow trout is a creature of both the water and the air. If the depths will not feed him then the heavens will, and indifferent to the element, he pursues his food in the watery caverns or springs up and over in the air above a floating insect. The fly for him is food, and so is everything succulent below the surface. He is an opportunist, who if hooked will dive into liquid darkness, or shoot in an arc above the surface toward which way escape is easier, while the furious native takes his barb sullenly to the depths of the stream.

Not so the foreigner, the brown, the European trout. He is a seasoned European, able to endure a low standard of living, which for a trout means warm and dirty water, able like the English sparrow to survive where more delicate creatures die of disgust. His food too is in the air as often as in the waters, but he takes it neither because of irritated nerves, nor with careless confidence. Nor does he risk his judgment so often in the distracting lights of the riffle, but lies in the clear pool, suspicious, calculating, frightened by the least shadow of a rod, to be taken only by subtlety, and to be eaten with more respect for his wary skill than for his none too delicate flesh.

Do we take color from our environment? Did He who made the trout, as Blake might have said, shape us to our continent? For certainly there is something in the sudden emotionalism of our Eastern brook trout which is curiously American. The Yankee, too, is a bottom feeder, whose idealisms are unexpected and often rash, and sometimes disastrous. And there is a rainbow quality in American tolerance, easy, uncalculating, undiscriminating which makes it possible, for, shall we say the Pacific Coast, to live in two worlds at once, the gross and the aerial, with no clear consciousness as to which element conditions the active mind!

As for Izaak Walton's trout, the brown, the alien variety, who is still a European in our streams, one wishes that some of our critics and more of our statesmen would become fishermen to study the differences between peoples in the lucid oversimplifications of the brook. Let them try to catch the native brook trout with a Marxian net, or make the rainbow take a fly when his opportunity is bottomward, or hook the European by waving fine words above the water! They will find that anglers must be wise.



"IT POPULARIZES HAVING A BABY."

Letters to the Editor: *Dickens's Family and "The Life of Our Lord"*

Georgina Hogarth's Letter

SIR:—It occurs to me that one of your "bright young men" might be interested at this time of much talk about the version of the New Testament which Dickens prepared for his children, to look up a letter written by Georgina Hogarth to Mrs. Fields about this manuscript, and printed in my "Memories of a Hostess."

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Boston, Mass.

Georgina Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, wrote the letter in question in September, 1870, three months after Dickens's death. The excerpt follows:

"I must now tell you about the beautiful little New Testament which he wrote for his children. I am sorry to say it is *never to be published.* It happens that he expressed that decided determination only last autumn to me, so we have no alternative. He wrote it years ago when his elder children were quite little. It is about sixteen short chapters, chiefly adapted from St. Luke's Gospel, most beautiful, most touching, most simple, as such a narrative should be. He never would have it printed and I used to read it to the little boys in MS. before they were old enough to read *writing* themselves. When Charley's children became old enough to have this kind of teaching, I promised Bessy (his wife) that I would make her a copy of this History and I determined to do it as a Christmas gift for her last year, but before I began my copy I asked Charles if he did not think it would be well for him to have it printed, at all events for *private* circulation, if he would not publish it (though I think it is a pity he never would do that!). He said he would look over the MS. and take a week or two to consider. At the end of the time he gave it back to me and said he had decided *never to publish it—or even have it privately printed.* He said I might make a copy for Bessie, or for any one of his children, *but for no one else,* and that he also begged that we would never even lend the MS., or a copy of it, to any one to take out of the house; so there is no doubt about his *strong feeling* on the subject, and we must obey it. I made my copy for Bessy and gave it to her last Christmas. After his death the original MS. became *mine.* As it was never published, of course it did not count as one of Mr. Forster's MSS., and therefore it was one of his private papers, which were left to me. So I gave it at once to Mamie, who was, I thought, the most natural and proper possessor of it, as being his eldest daughter. You must come to England and read it, dear Friend, as we must not send it to you! We should be glad to see you and to show it to you and Mr. Fields in our own house."

Armaments and Red Herrings

SIR:—In his review of "Merchants of Death" Mr. Simonds indicates the inevitability of red-herrings drawn by this type of book. His point receives remarkable confirmation from the illustration you have reproduced from "Merchants of Death" over the title "German Pilots Study Area to Be Gassed."

The implication is that the picture shows a group of pilots about to set out on some military venture. The title is delicately ambiguous. The inference is left to the reader.

Actually the illustration is one which has just appeared in "The Illustrated London News." It shows a group of agricultural chemists perfecting their plans for distributing insecticidal powder over an area of woodland. They are evidently going to fly in a civil machine (Lufthansa). They are Merchants of caterpillar Death.

A. W. SMITH.

Beverly, Mass.

Since the picture and caption were taken from the book, we referred Mr. Smith's letter to the publishers of "Merchants of Death." We print their reply herewith:

SIR:—Please thank your correspondent for calling attention to the caption used beneath the picture of the German flyers in "Merchants of Death." It is obvious that these men are not at the moment preparing a military attack and the caption should have made plain the point that under guise of such apparently peaceful manœuvers Germany today may well be practising for war. Within the last few weeks the newspapers have carried reports of French protests against English sales of airplane motors to German firms for commercial uses, and stories are current of wooden guns fitted with elaborate mountings and sighting devices, ready for use the instant the real gun is substituted for the attractive dummy. This is the implication of the picture in question although the idea is not sufficiently developed in our caption. There is no attempt whatever in the picture to draw a red herring across the trail; the spirit of "Merchants of Death" is quite otherwise. Anyone who believes that a virile and aggressive nation like Germany is submitting to the strait-jacket of military disarmament following the terms of the post-war treaties is entitled to his opinion—but there are subtleties in the armament business and nationalistic passions which suggest the contrary.

RAYMOND T. BOND.

Dodd, Mead & Co.,
New York City.

The Watched Pool

KINSPRIT OF THE ANGLE

A certain janitor, of common clay,
Who shares the fever bursting buds beget,
Used ever, on the first soft day in May,
To ask me, "Have you had your feet wet yet?"

"WELL COCKED FLY"

Of course conditions enter in
Our choice of method to apply;
Thus when the water "clear as gin,"
We needs must fish it High and Dry!!

"FISHING THE STREAM"

Let Purists by still waters lie;
The missing ring their pastime spoils:
I'll search the waters with my fly;
For me, the watched pool never boils.

ARTHUR W. BELL.

Falmouth, Mass.

William Ellery Leonard

SIR:—I am at work on a biographical and critical study of William Ellery Leonard and his work, and am eager to communicate with anyone who has known or is now in touch with him, whether as friend or enemy, student or colleague, or through any other relationship; and with anyone who can tell me of others who may have pertinent information concerning him. I should be grateful for an opportunity to see letters written by Mr. Leonard; they will be speedily copied and returned.

Let me add that I am a former student of Mr. Leonard's, and that I proceed with his full permission.

CLARA LEISER.

7 Park Avenue
New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

OUT OF CHAOS. By ILYA EHRENBOURG. *Holt.* A story of the old and the new Russia.

BEN JONSON. By JOHN PALMER. *Viking.* A scholarly, but lively, biography of the poet and playwright.

PORTRAIT OF AMERICA. By DIEGO RIVERA. *Covici-Friede.* Painting, history, and propaganda all in one.

This Less Recent Book:

NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND. By CORA JARRETT. *Houghton Mifflin.* A psychological mystery story.

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Diplomats at Play

THE GINGER GRIFFIN. By Ann Bridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by LUCILLE DOUGLASS

IN this second novel Ann Bridge sustains the high level of her first book, "Peking Picnic," the Atlantic Prize novel of 1932. Again she writes of the diplomatic set in Peking, using some of the characters made familiar in her earlier tale. Her style is finished, smooth, and charming, with a brilliancy which gives almost a brittle quality to her writing.

She is again writing of those two worlds, one within the other, which she knows so well—the small group of alien whites marooned in the great capital of an ancient civilization. Within the walls of the Legation Quarter, the members shift and change, according to the orders of their respective governments, the threads of diplomacy become tangled and disentangled, hearts are broken, reputations tarnished, flirtations rage, and frazzled nerves break. But beyond, China remains changeless, permanent, and beautiful.

It is the handling of this juxtaposition of cultures and races which shows the craftsmanship of the author. Although the story itself is concerned with the affairs, sentimental and otherwise, of a few central characters, yet it reflects the richness and beauty of the background. Miss Bridge possesses rare descriptive ability, and when the events of the story, delightful as they are, have faded from memory, the glamor of the setting will remain—the color, the sights, and sounds, which mean Peking to those who know it well.

Fleeing from a shattered romance in England, Amber Harrison goes out to Peking to visit her uncle, an old China hand. Traveling by P. and O. steamer under the chaperonage of the Grant-Howards, newly appointed to Peking, she begins to find herself freed from a dominant mother and a much-too-beautiful sister. Grant-Howard senses the tragedy that she is trying to escape and seeks to help her, laying the foundation of a friendship which was to be more or less of a balance wheel during the trying months to come. At Tientsin, where they disembark, Amber learns of her uncle's illness and, as a consequence, goes to the Legation quarters as a guest of the Grant-Howards. She is thrown at once into the gay life of the diplomatic and commercial set who drift casually through a ceaseless round of pleasure, with slight regard for the moral conventions, depending on stimulants to keep up their vitality. Inexperienced and sensitive, Amber is terrified less she lose her bearings again. Of all the unattached men who seem to fill the Far East, she attracts two of widely variant types, both attached to the Embassy: Rupert Benenden, a poet, and George Hawtrey, known to his intimates as Joe, whose interest is in his China ponies and racing. Amber, though she did not know men, did know horses, having ridden and hunted all of her life. Drawn to the poet, she feels on safe ground with the sportsman. As the racing season draws near, she becomes absorbed in her uncle's stable and wins a considerable sum on a tip from an old-timer, which determines her to start a stable of her own for the next season. This involves much advice from Joe. The success of this plan, the time and work involved in training the "griffins," as the ponies fresh down from the Mongolian hills are called, contribute to her downfall, for, although she wins the coveted race with her "Ginger Griffin," she finds herself face to face with the fact that she has lost the man she loves—the poet.

It is in her depiction of the various reactions of the three, Amber, Joe, and Rupert, to conditions they could not control, dominated by circumstance, that Ann Bridge shows her understanding of people and emotions. She draws all of her characters with a fine restraint, and her knowledge of the components of the crowd of which she writes makes the scene ring true, however fantastic it may sound.

In this mixed and cosmopolitan society of Peking, Judy O'Grady might not only rub shoulders with the Colonel's lady, but take her husband from under her nose.

Through Grant-Howard's efforts to help Amber, it is possible that the author has expressed something of her own philosophy of life; of living *through* experience in order to free oneself, rather than a mere acceptance.

It is a book not to be missed—amusing, brilliant, and poignant.

* *

Lucille Douglass is an artist who has spent many years in China, where she worked as a newspaper correspondent.

Return to Africa

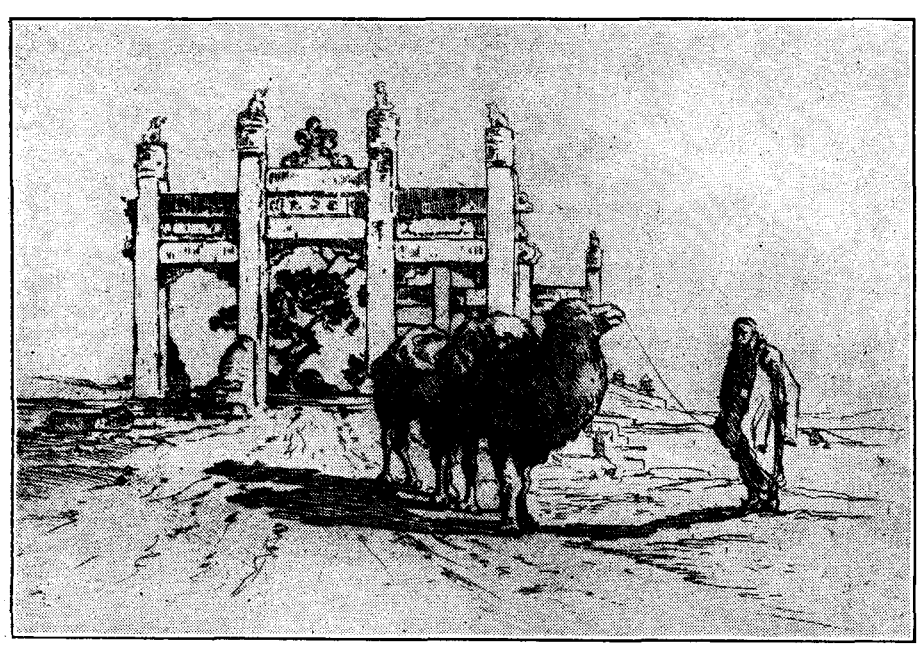
WILD DEER. By R. Hernekin Baptist. New York: The John Day Company. 1934. $2.50.

THIS is the story of a famous American Negro singer who, sickened by a white man's civilization, returns to the Africa of his forefathers in search of spiritual freedom. What he finds is an Africa dominated by the white man, and in which the Negro is given even less importance as a human unit than in an America of share-crop and Jim Crow rule.

Robert de la Harpe, the Negro singer, finds, indeed, that even his world-famous voice fails to lower the stiff color-bar erected by the bluff colonials against the native African in his own land. He meets rebuff after rebuff, his heritage of slavery and suffering helping him at last to a happiness that is in itself compromise: marriage with the daughter of a native headman and a kraal hut from which to continue his fight against the world.

"Wild Deer" is not successful as a novel, perhaps owing to the author's impassioned interest in his subject. Thus Mr. Baptist, in telling de la Harpe's story, piles before the reader a mountain of dull if saddening facts concerning the wrongs done to African natives. That the reader believes the facts does not correct a tendency to lose sight of the story of Robert de la Harpe under a deluge of statistics.

In saying that this book does not live up to the pace the author set for himself in "Four Handsome Negresses," it is only fair to add that "Wild Deer" is a stingingly sincere impeachment of South African race conditions, and that the book received an enthusiastic welcome from English critics.



ON THE WAY TO THE MING TOMBS
An etching made in China by Lucille Douglass.

A Modern Panorama

COMPANY PARADE. By Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

ONE imagines Miss Jameson, after successfully completing a trilogy, as drawing a deep breath and plunging into an even more ambitious work. "This book," she tells us in a prefatory note, "is the first of perhaps five or six novels in which an attempt, necessarily incomplete, is made to depict the contemporary scene." The general title of the series, she goes on to explain, is to be "The Mirror in Darkness," the mirror being "the mind of the author, or of the reader, or at times only of the young woman called Hervey Russell whose relation to the whole work is unchanging in time, although the space allotted to her in the several volumes necessarily varies." Just what this means I confess that I do not entirely understand.

However, the author realizes that "the contemporary scene" is no mean matter to

STORM JAMESON

confine between the covers of even half a dozen novels, and she feels that the reader is entitled to some warning of what lies before him. Hence the title of the present book, "Company Parade," in which the persons of the drama file across the stage, each pausing a moment to deliver a speech which shall tell the audience what kind of a person, with what background, sensibilities, and ambitions, the character represents. It would be unjust to describe "Company Parade" simply as a glorified program in which the characters are listed in the order of their appearance, with explanatory comments by the author; but there is sufficient truth in the comparison to warrant setting it down, and until one realizes it the effect of the method on the reader, despite the author's prefatory warning, is somewhat disconcerting. Not only is the number of characters bewildering, but one jumps from one to another without having a very clear idea of the connection between them. In addition to the listing on the program, with biographical comments, and the parade before the curtain, one has glimpses of a first act, which looks as if it might be interesting if only the curtain were not rung down before one could coördinate the scenes.

Nevertheless, even though one reads with some sense of irritation, and perhaps with some scepticism as to the ability of any author (Galsworthy being dead) to bring to success the ambitious task that Miss Jameson has set for herself, the principal characters begin to emerge and to live. Hervey Russell, the shy and awkward young woman writer, of "unmanageable desires and unabateable ambitions," becomes a very real person before the end, and one is interested in her further fortunes and especially in what she will do with her silly husband. The capitalist, Thomas Harben, and the socialist, David Renn; the concupiscent woman editor, with her resigned young husband and her fat but forceful lover; the ex-soldier of the sandwich stand and the young couple expecting a baby—Miss Jameson has rather miraculously succeeded in quickening interest in all of them. We should add that in this preliminary canter to the serious galloping that is to follow, the author is dealing with the England that woke up with a severe headache after celebrating the Armistice and the Peace of Versailles, and that all the characters are of the wartime generation. It is a dispiriting picture that Miss Jameson paints, leading the reader who is unaccustomed to the extreme pessimism of contemporary British novelists to wonder how on earth England could ever have been merrie, or how she can ever be merrie again. Perhaps before she has finished depicting "the contemporary scene" Miss Jameson may have got up to 1934.

Afraid to Grow Up

THE UNPOSSESSED. By Tess Slesinger. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THIS novel grew backwards out of the author's story, "Missis Flinders," which has been deservedly admired. Its inclusion here as the final chapter illuminates the essential difference, other than that of length, between the short story and the novel. This comment is so easy as to seem almost unfair; but it is inescapable. "The Unpossessed" is a series of short stories about the same group of characters; the fact that the incidents are connected gives it only a superficial unity. Each little drama is motivated only to its own climax; there is no characterization, but only "psychology." And the reader's impression of the sense of futility which the book conveys is as complete on page 35 as it is on page 350. The relation between this and a novel is analogous to the relation between a set of variations and a sonata.

This limitation granted, however, Miss Slesinger is an expert writer of variations. Her observation is acute, her style alive, her timing as perfect as O. Henry's. (If this seems an invidious comparison to a modernist who made the *Story* anthology, it is nevertheless meant as a compliment.) She keeps the level of interest surprisingly high for so static a method; she makes the most of her not very significant material.

This material is the plight of what the author calls the intellectuals, uprooted, classless, unpossessed. These particular intellectuals are a group of young Greenwich Villagers, all of whom suffer from arrested development. They flirt with communism, they flirt with a magazine that never gets published, they flirt with each other. It is fair to say, since this is a psychological novel, that each of them has an unresolved infantile fixation. Miles Flinders lives in terror of his dead uncle's puritan conscience; he cannot bear responsibility; his wife spinelessly submits to him and has an abortion instead of a baby. Bruno and Elizabeth, the passionate cousins, cannot outgrow their childhood love, and take it out in second-hand affairs and second-hand wit. These are the best characters; the others are mostly pathological, unappetizing, and unconvincing.

The author admits that "many intellectuals seem unintelligent"; surely few have ever seemed so stupid and futile as these. It takes a first rate author to transcend material of this kind. Turgeniev and Chekhov made human beings of their futilitarians. Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh at least make theirs funny. But Miss Slesinger keeps out of the picture, either as poet or satirist. She lets her people present themselves, and does it on the whole very well, but she has nothing to say about them. Therefore what she has to say about life in general is measured by the significance of her characters in their own right. "This book," says the blurb, "is important because it says so many things that people are thinking and saying today. . . . It is a book for courageous moderns who have too much humor for despair and too much intelligence for complacence." Few people have ever said or thought things less worth saying or thinking than the characters in "The Unpossessed"; few have been so devoid of humor or intelligence. But Miss Slesinger does have humor and intelligence, if she ever wants to exercise them. And meanwhile, "Missis Flinders" is a first rate story.

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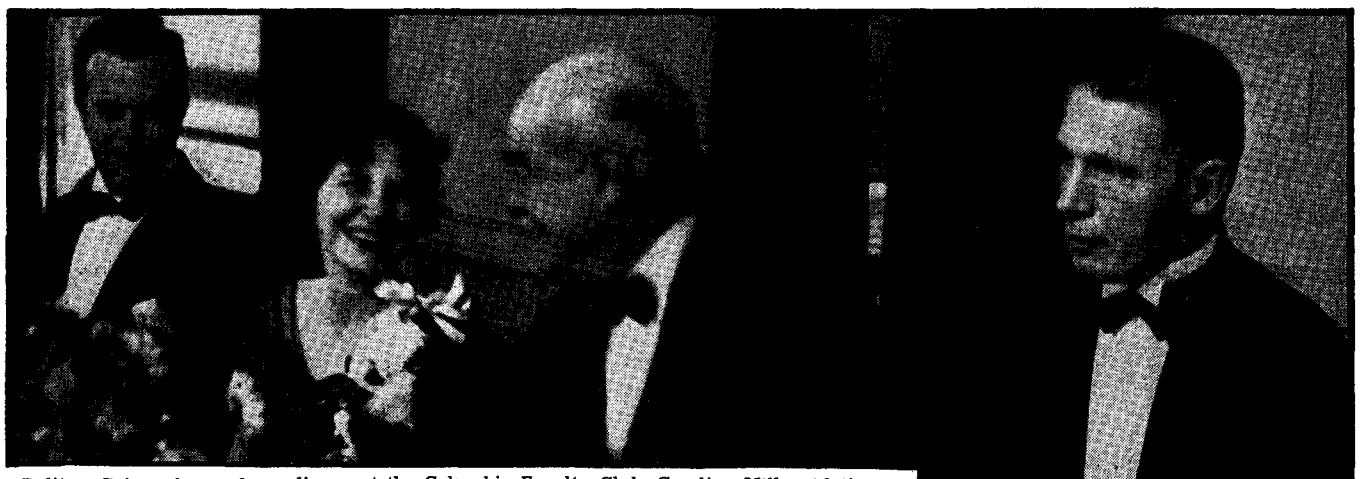
The Pulitzer Prize Fight and Other Encounters

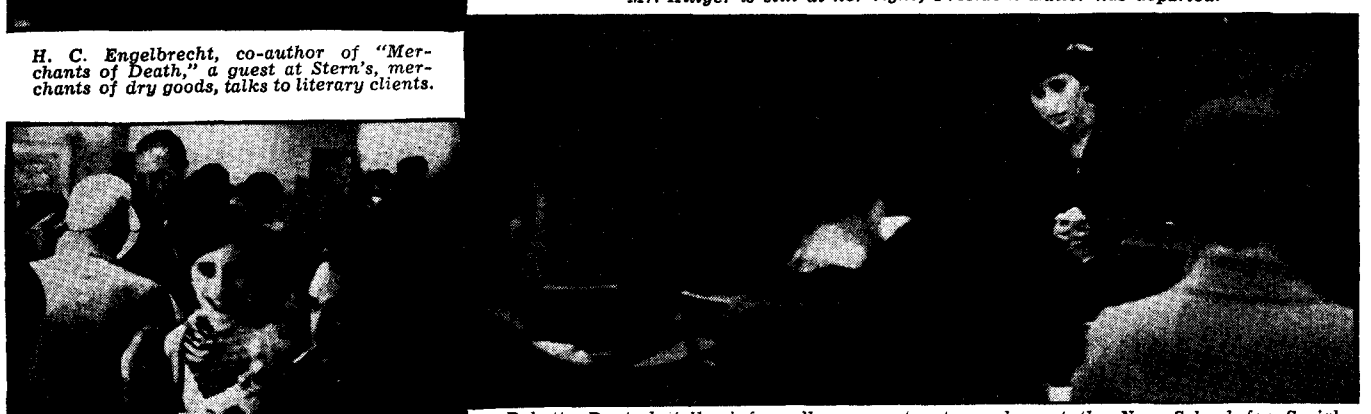
Saturday Review News Pictures by Robert Disraeli



Pulitzer Prize winners have dinner at the Columbia Faculty Club. Caroline Miller (fiction prize) smiles at Nicholas Murray Butler, while poet Robert Hillyer (left) looks on.

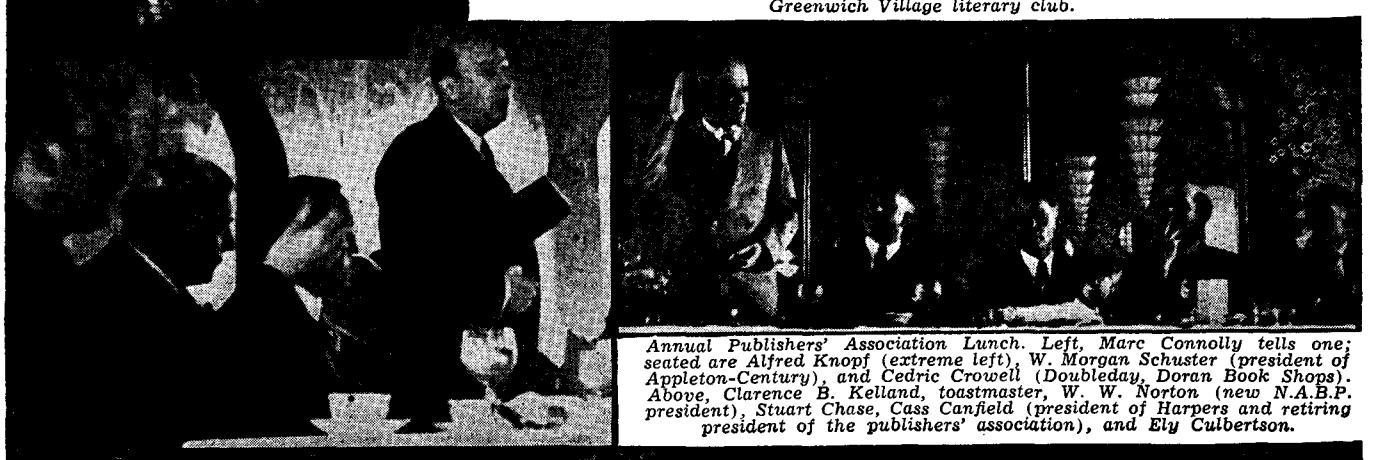
Tyler Dennett, biographer of John Hay and next Williams President, at the Pulitzer dinner.

"Cinderella for a night"—so Mrs. Miller described herself in her after-dinner speech. Mr. Hillyer is still at her right; President Butler has departed.



H. C. Engelbrecht, co-author of "Merchants of Death," a guest at Stern's, merchants of dry goods, talks to literary clients.

Babette Deutsch talks informally on poetry to a class at the New School for Social Research. (Left) George Seldes ("Iron, Blood and Profits") at the Meeing Place, Greenwich Village literary club.



Annual Publishers' Association Lunch. Left, Marc Connolly tells one; seated are Alfred Knopf (extreme left), W. Morgan Schuster (president of Appleton-Century), and Cedric Crowell (Doubleday, Doran Book Shops). Above, Clarence B. Kelland, toastmaster, W. W. Norton (new N.A.B.P. president), Stuart Chase, Cass Canfield (president of Harpers and retiring president of the publishers' association), and Ely Culbertson.

Mr. Disraeli met Edna St. Vincent Millay at Quarantine as she returned on the Roosevelt, found her giving an interview. Below, "Thin Man" Dashiell Hammett at Authors' League tea and/or cocktail party.

Will Irwin, Authors' League President, at the League's spring tea.

Helen Grace Carlisle, author of "The Wife," reads from her novel during a talk to literary ladies at Stern's.

History in the Grand Manner

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: Volume III: The Peace and the Protestant Succession. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 1934. $6.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY PARGELLIS

HISTORY on a large scale is Trevelyan's aim. He likes "swinging narrative, careful study of the authorities, clear technical exposition, acute insight into . . . principal characters, and an understanding of the conditions of the period so different from those of our day." So he says in wishing Churchill's life of Marlborough "popularity and success." It is a high standard, and if "England under Queen Anne" fails to achieve popularity, it will be because the public cares no longer for the twelve great years which made England "the steady, sole mistress of the seas, a power coequal with France, and the seat of an ordered freedom admired by continental philosophers of the coming era."

Trevelyan might even be said to surpass the standard he sets for others. The last years of Anne's reign are complicated. Marlborough, winning Malplaquet to help open the road to Paris, found himself denounced at home by a nation weary of war. On a wave of High-Church hysteria the Tories rode in to negotiate a peace with France behind the backs of their allies. Bolingbroke, through the agents he used, identified the cause of the Peace with the cause of the Pretender. The first he won, and the other he lost, to the end that he scotched his party for half a century. But the failure, no less than the success, contributed to the serenity, the "classic calm," of eighteenth-century England. That brief story raises questions which require assurance as much as lucidity in the historian who essays to set them straight. It comes from sources muddied by unusually violent partisanship, and it deals with characters more than ever half angel and half beast. A highly dramatic story, and through Trevelyan's eyes we see it clear.

This is indeed history "in the grand manner." Just what does the phrase imply? The art of catching a scene in vivid and romantic words: "a hundred thousand men were moving to the attack, while over their heads flapped like sails a forest of huge flags, unfolding the blazonry of a score of the greatest States and Princes of Europe." Plentiful use of long quotations: on forty out of a hundred pages they stand indented in small type. Swift and unexpected transitions within a chapter, from a scene of critical importance to a minor figure removed from the stage's center, as when one turns from the expanse of Titian's canvas to examine an old hag huddled by the foreground wall. Harsh judgments: "since we were cheating the Dutch in matters of commerce, tearing up our previous Treaties as if they had been mere 'scraps of paper,' it was necessary to malign those whom we injured." Occasional bits of sentimentality, especially about Marlborough, the war, and the Queen:

> Widowed; without a friend left to whom she cared to unbosom herself, or a statesman whom she any longer felt she could trust; her ears filled, not with the murmur of wise counsels for the safety of the land, but with the shrill invective of servants who thought more of their quarrels than of their duty or of her peace; in pain of body and confusion of mind, she awaited her deliverance by the friend of all.

But above all other arts used for this grand effect is the art of the dramatist. This third volume is the third and final act of a play. The stage is set for successive scenes; across it strut their parts the splendid armies, poor tortured Swift, that "strange man" Harley, the Sacheverell mobs. The curtain falls on each scene, and the audience, knowing the outcome but not how it will unfold, waits breathless for the next, till the final unforgettable tableau in the council chamber.

No one can deny that it takes a vivid historical imagination to produce such effects. But is it the only kind of imagination, or is it indeed the best? There is another kind which sees the destiny of

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nations writ, and no less magnificently, in the growth of customs and institutions or in the ideas and wants of obscurer men than ministers and generals. There is an impish, dissatisfied imagination which suspects that somehow all these fine scenes are nothing but a play. It wants to tear down their artificiality, search back-stage and in the dressing-rooms, to find perhaps that the agency which hired the actors and gave them their lines was located in Exchange Alley or in the Admiralty Office. We cannot accept any longer the assumption that Englishmen of Anne's day were really intent on the conquest of Canada. If they got Newfoundland and Nova Scotia for the fisheries and Hudson's Bay territory for the furs, they regarded Canada as a useless encumbrance. Nor is it right to say that in this period the colonial governor represented "a remnant of political authority." Queen Anne's Board of Trade undertook such centralizing of colonial administration as was not to recur again until the 1760s. Scenery such as this would seem to have been borrowed, well-worn, from antiquated historical workshops. In his history of Stuart England Trevelyan has a passage regretting that the veil cannot be lifted more than in a single instance on the peasantry who followed Monmouth. But is it not proper to try to lift the veil on such people, and on the cabinet, and on Devon as against Yorkshire squires, and on parliamentary lobbies?

We read much biography today. Those who like it but try nothing else should set their hand, for once, to these three volumes. They will find excitement, beauty —yes, and wisdom.

Passage to Canterbury

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS GENIUS. By John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY

ONE is always assured of a charming and profitable literary voyage if one embarks with Professor Lowes as pilot. All who accompanied him on "The Road to Xanadu" will take passage with him for the Middle Ages and his visits to Geoffrey Chaucer, the most accomplished artist and most delightful and enigmatical English writer of that forgotten world.

The itinerary is suggested by his chapter headings: Backgrounds and Horizons; The World of Affairs; The World of Books; Old Forms and New Content; The Mastered Art; The Human Comedy. In the first three visits we learn to know Chaucer, not as a writer, but as an efficient public official, amusing himself in his leisure moments with efforts to master the science of his day—especially those branches that were on the confines of human knowledge—and to read and enjoy the best literature that the tide had brought down from ancient Rome and the best that France and Italy had produced in his own time. In the other three—to my mind the most interesting of the group —we accompany him in his marvellous development as an artist. We see him repeating in English the themes and forms and methods of the French masters, but already with new effects. Then comes his discovery of the new themes and forms and methods of the Italians, resulting not so much in borrowing from them as in an organically new and personal art, the outcome of subtle reflection on the differences between the new and the old, and the meaning of art.

My only regret is that Lowes wrote his book for the public rather than for me. I should like him to explain and chart Chaucer's humor for me and help me to know for certain how much bitterness lies behind a satire that seems innocent and playful. Perhaps this will come later. Meanwhile one can have no more delightful or instructive guide to the great poet than Lowes, who combines all the learned research of the dry-as-dust with the human and artistic charm of the best seller.

❧ ❧

John M. Manly is head of the department of English of the University of Chicago. He has himself edited an edition of "The Canterbury Tales."

The BOWLING GREEN

Sherlock Holmes Crossword

LOVERS of Sherlock Holmes will understand the pleasure with which we received the following letter. It is good to know that our old friend Tobias Gregson, late of Scotland Yard, is still with us. His manner of correspondence has changed not at all since he wrote the famous letter (Chapter III of *A Study in Scarlet*) which was the beginning of so many adventures. He writes from his retirement in Dorset; undoubtedly his love for the full name led him to that county where so many villages have double nomination.

Here is the letter:—

The Laurels, Toller Porcorum, Dorset
10th April 1934

My dear Mr. Christopher Morley:

I have noticed the fun which you gentlemen are having with what you call the Baker Street Irregulars; indeed, the whole affair recalls old times to me. It is not for me to comment on where your correspondents are amiss; but I should like to ask whether Mr. Elmer Davis, who is interested in the Moriarty family, is one of your wealthy book collectors? If so, I know of something that would be to his advantage. I need not say more at this moment; I shall leave everything *in statu quo* until I hear from you. I would esteem it a great kindness if you would favour me with the information.

In the mean time, the name of your club reminded me of an item I picked up a year or more ago at the Diogenes Club. I had to go there to see a late chief of mine who, from having seen too much of the world, had become unsociable enough to be a member. He knew that I had been a friend of Mr. Mycroft Holmes, and handed me a scrap of club notepaper which had been found in the crack between the arm and the seat of Mr. Mycroft's favourite armchair. It was an unfinished sketch for a cross-word puzzle; with the heading at the top "No. 221 B," and "Baker Street Irregulars," to explain the design. Certain squares were shaded more heavily than others, to bring the initials S. H. out of the pattern. There is evidence to show that Mr. Mycroft was proud of it, for the sketch, though roughly drawn and as yet unnumbered, was signed "Mycroft Holmes." I conjecture that it was intended as a friendly greeting from Mr. Mycroft to his favourite brother; but that he lacked the energy to post it, and it was lost till my late chief happened to find it and give it to me.

In my retirement, I regularly read the agony columns and do the daily cross-words in the *Times* and *Telegraph;* childish pastimes, I admit, but if one is energetic and has some knowledge of the classics, one must do something. So I derived pleasure from fitting my own clues to Mr. Mycroft Holmes's cross-word, and send it to you as an intelligence-test (such as we used to have at the Yard) for your "Irregulars." All the clues are as simple as A. B. C. to any student of Mr. Sherlock Holmes's cases. It is not intended to be a real puzzler; I should expect a man of say Lestrade's ability to do it all in half an hour.

Yours faithfully,
TOBIAS GREGSON.

❧ ❧

I think perhaps Mr. Gregson—"the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," you remember—a little underestimates the time this puzzle may require for full solution. It took me considerably longer than half an hour; largely because there are some little jokes concealed in the clues which are more ingenious than I had expected. I can't help thinking that it was Mycroft, rather than Gregson, who devised some of them.

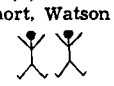
I will delay printing the solution of the crossword for two weeks, to give our clients plenty of time to consider it. All those who send me correct solutions—but they must be correct *in every detail*—will automatically become members of the Baker Street Irregulars.

❧ ❧

☞A Cunard Line advertisement in the *New Yorker,* supposedly quoting Capt. Ben Pine of Gloucester, says "We Gloucester fishermen have been written about aplenty . . . by Kipling, Lincoln, Conley and a great many others." The others including, one hopes, Connolly. ☞In spite of our earnest inquiries, no bookseller has yet been able to discover for us a copy of Jules Verne's *The Steam House.* Scribners' excellent catalogue (1932) of *Famous Adventure Stories* listed a number of English firsts of Verne, ranging in price from $3 to $15; but no *Steam House.* We're not looking for a first, however; any old edition will do. ☞We were a little dismayed to find one of the most unpleasant characters in *The Puzzle of the Silver Persian* (by Stuart Palmer; a Crime Club novel) a Rhodes Scholar; but this was more than atoned for by the fact that Miss Withers, the sleuth, found her final clue in a copy of *Standard Seamanship,* "by one Captain Felix Riesenberg." ☞But why, Mr. Palmer, "one" Captain Felix Riesenberg? Certainly there aren't two. ☞There are fashions in cocktails just as there are in hats and in fiction. We note a trend toward the *Red Lion,* which we hope is named for the perfect old pub of that name at Martlesham, Suffolk, England. Its emblem is an ancient Spanish Armada figurehead. We recommend it to any clients motoring in East Anglia. ☞Among adventures had by those who enjoy wine-hunting: Peter Greig, the enthusiastic representative of Messrs. Hatch Mansfield of London, found at the Hotel Nelson in Syracuse some excellent bottles of *Chateau Beychevelle* 1893 which had been *derrière les fagots* for many years.

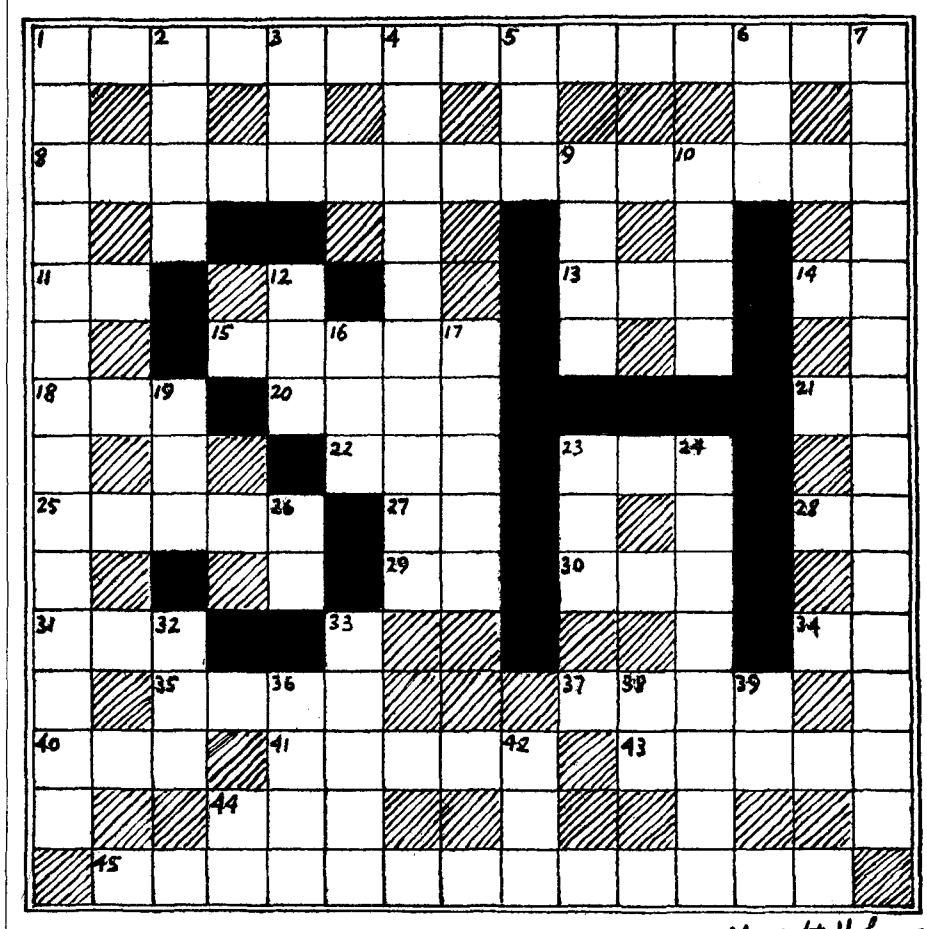
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

ACROSS

1. A treatise on this, written at the age of twenty-one, had a European vogue and earned its author a professorship. (2 words, 8, 7)
8. It was of course to see these that Holmes enquired the way from Saxe-Coburg Square to the Strand (2 words, 10, 5)
11. How the pips were set (2)
13. Not an Eley's No. 2 (which is an excellent argument with a gentleman who can twist steel pokers into knots) but the weapon in the tragedy of Birlstone (3)
14. What was done on the opposite wall in bullet-pocks by the patriotic Holmes (2)
15. What Watson recognized when he put his hand on Bartholomew Sholto's leg (5)
18. Where Watson met young Stamford, who introduced him to Sherlock Holmes (3)
20. A kind of pet, over which Dr. Grimesby Roylott hurled the local blacksmith (4)
21. Holmes should have said this before being so sure of catching the murderers of John Openshaw (2)
22. The kind of Pedro whence came the tiger (3)
23. Though he knew the methods, Watson sometimes found it difficult to do this (3)
25. Patron saint of old Mr. Farquhar's affliction and perhaps of Abe Slaney's men (5)
27. Perhaps a measure of Holmes's chemicals (2)
28. In short, Watson (2)
29.  (2)
30. Curious that he did nothing in the night-time (3)
31. This would obviously not describe the empty house opposite 221b Baker Street (3)
34. It seems likely that Watson's elder brother suffered from this disease (2)
35. Though you might have taken this at Lodge 29, Chicago, nevertheless, you had to pass a test as well at Lodge 341, Vermissa (4)
37. The *Star* of Savannah (4)
40. Mrs. Barclay's reproach (in The Crooked Man, of course) suggests the parable of this (3)
41. Scrawled in blood-red letters across the bare plaster at No. 3, Lauriston Gardens (5)
43. Holmes found this, because he was looking for it, in the muddy hollow where John Straker was killed (5)
44. Suggests Jonathan Small's leg (3)
45. The brother who left Watson no choice but to relate The Final Problem (2 words, 5, 8)

DOWN

1. A country district in the west of England where "Cooee" was a common signal (2 words, 8, 6)
2. Charles Augustus Milverton dealt with no niggard hand; therefore this would not describe him (4)
3. The kind of practice indulged by Mr. Williamson, the solitary cyclist's unfrocked clergyman—"there was a man of that name in orders, whose career has been a singularly dark one." (3)
4. There is comparatively as much sense in Hafiz. Indeed, it's a case of identity. (3 words, 2, 2, 6)
5. Caused the rift in the beryl coronet (3)
6. Many of Holmes's opponents had cause to (3)
7. Begins: 'Whose was it?' 'His who is gone.' 'Who shall have it?' 'He who will come.' (2 words, 8, 6)
9. of four (4)
10. The number of Napoleons plus the number of the Randall gang (4)
12. One of the five sent 'S.H. for J.O.' (3)
16. To save the dying detective trouble, Mr. Chelverton Smith was kind enough to give the signal by turning this up (3)
17. The blundering constable who failed to gain his sergeant's stripes in the Lauriston Gardens Mystery (5)
19. One was mentioned by Boscombe Valley yet it was illusory. There was a one of Sumatra; yet it was unwritten
23. How Watson felt after the Final Problem (3)
24. He was epollicate (8)
26. Initials of the second most dangerous man in London (2)
32. Though Miss Mary Sutherland's boots were not unlike, they were really odd ones; the one having this slightly decorated, and the other plain (3)
33. You may forgive the plural form of these tobaccos, since Holmes smoked so much of them (5)
36. Behind this Black Jack of Ballarat waited and smoked an Indian cigar, of the variety which are rolled in Rotterdam (4)
38 and 39. The best I can make of these is the Latin for the sufferers of the epidemic which pleased Holmes so extremely that he said 'A long shot, Watson, a very long shot,' and pinched the Doctor's arm (4)
42. One of the two in the cardboard box (3)
44. Initials of the street in which Mycroft lodged (2)



CROSSWORD 221 B (*Baker Street Irregular*)

Mycroft Holmes

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The New Deal in World Affairs

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1933. *Prepared by William O. Scroggs and the Research Staff of the Council on Foreign Relations. Edited by Walter Lippmann. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1934. $3.

Reviewed by PARKER THOMAS MOON

THE New Deal and the international situation are so closely related that neither can be understood apart from the other. In the first year of the Roosevelt Administration the trend of world affairs was visibly altered by the impact of American policies, while American recovery measures in turn were shaped under powerful pressure from the outside world. Nowhere else has the interplay of national and international events been so clearly revealed as it is in the present volume edited by Walter Lippmann. This is a book you can read through in one pleasant evening; then put it on your shelf as an indispensable reference work, to take its place beside the six preceding annual surveys prepared for the Council on Foreign Relations. I am not sure that it quite measures up to the stature of its immediate predecessor. Yet it is an admirable and a valuable piece of work.

From the vantage point of 1934 we can look back on the follies of the post-war period with the disillusioned wisdom of hindsight. Mr. Lippmann does that in his brilliant introduction to this volume. The dictated peace of Versailles "imposed humiliation, injustice, and exorbitant exactions upon the prostrate foe." For a time American loans could veil the fatal instability of the Versailles system. Loans, too, could mask the mistaken American policy of restricting imports while attempting to expand exports and collecting war debts. When loans ceased, the "destructive contradictions" of the twenties were bared. Too late Mr. Hoover tried to save most of the system by scrapping a little. His "strategic retreat" became a rout.

It is more difficult to agree with Mr. Lippmann's interpretation of President Roosevelt's policies. The thesis is that Roosevelt brought to Washington a contradiction. Wilsonian internationalism and the Rooseveltian New Deal were simply incompatible. Events exposed the contradiction and decided the issue. Following the unfortunate Anglo-American deadlock over war debts in December 1932 came the British refusal to stabilize sterling; the result, "psychologically" if not logically, was America's departure from the gold standard in April, 1933; next the improvement of business popularized the idea of a managed currency and a regimented recovery; then the London Conference forced a choice between national management and internationalism; and Roosevelt chose internationalism. Thus "the compulsion of events" in the first half of 1933 caused "the Roosevelt nationalism" of the second semester. There was an "unintended" retreat into nationalism —political isolation, economic insulation, managed recovery, planned reconstruction.

This *leitmotif* is orchestrated by Mr. Scroggs in the detailed narrative of events. There are dissonances of detail, particularly as regards the reasons for American suspension of the gold standard, but there is harmony on the leading theme. An Administration begins, in the spring of 1933, with courageous internationalism, then changes its mind in response to domestic events, wrecks a midsummer conference, and falls back upon nationalism.

Were Roosevelt's initial policies really quite so paradoxical? Was the retreat to nationalism actually quite so precipitate? On currency management, yes. But not on other policies. In the very message in which he vetoed the London currency resolution, Roosevelt repeated his consistent demand for reduction of trade barriers. Far from retreating into a narrow nationalism, the Administration tried to keep the doomed Conference alive; Secretary Hull defended economic internationalism with classic eloquence; an international Wheat Pact was signed in August; tariff reciprocity negotiations began; and the executive departments at Washington studied ambitious projects for the revival of international trade. If there was a change of heart on currency there was at least an appearance of persistent conviction about other international policies. Secretaries Hull and Wallace did not resign. Before the close of 1933 there were significant indications, confirmed early in 1934, that the Administration still regarded international trade as an aid, not a contradiction, to the program of national recovery.

Had Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Scroggs been less concerned with the currency controversy they might have devoted more attention, in their survey, to the obvious but not unimportant fact that American foreign policy in 1933 was liberalized by a series of remarkable innovations. Renouncing intervention in Latin America, recognizing Soviet Russia, coöperating more fully with the League of Nations, proposing a radical non-aggression pact, offering to refrain from opposition to collective measures against an aggressor nation, seeking to lower tariffs and trade barriers, abandoning an imperialist recognition policy in Central America—these are international advances worthy of more detailed treatment and greater emphasis than they receive.

Not that the millennium has arrived. Mr. Scroggs could perhaps have been more critical of the Administration's Cuban policy. That episode is handled all too discreetly. A critical historian could justly contrast American naval appropriations with American disarmament proposals in 1933. One could write unpleasant pages about the munitions lobby and the hearings on the arms embargo resolution.

Offering gratuitous suggestions of this sort, however, is almost as ungracious in a review as quibbling over minor inaccuracies (of which there are very few in Mr. Scroggs's book). Whatever the inevitable differences of opinion may be regarding the interpretation of current policy, there can be no doubt at all as to the value of this unique annual record of American foreign relations.

Parker Thomas Moon is professor of international relations at Columbia University.

Making the Most of Our Leisure

A GUIDE TO CIVILIZED LOAFING. By H. A. Overstreet. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by DONALD A. LAIRD

PROFESSOR OVERSTREET begins to show full stature in his guide to civilized loafing, which is not only his best production but also a sorely needed book. It is a book of the spirit of civilization, not a book on hobbies. He does not care in which of the seven hundred or so ways we spend our leisure moments, but wants us to spend them with upbuilding zest.

The interest in the doing of something, rather than what is done, brings uplift to the soul. And it is this mental perspective, Overstreet finds, which compensates for life's frustrations, changing the frenzied mania of the trading post into the exalting spare time of the neighborhood. It is a friendly book, one that eases tension merely to read it, showing a new charm of writing that Overstreet has captured. Soul-satisfying things are already around us in plenty, he comments, and for civilized loafing we need only an altered frame of mind,—a frame of mind which this book instils for all except those beyond hope.

Leisure is not something suddenly forced upon us; we have simply bungled it for a few decades so that free hours strangely hang heavily and do not seem leisurely. We have been allowing others to control our spare moments—we have been inert billiard balls on the cloth of life, permitting others to cue us into ridiculous positions. As we take control of our own leisure hours they can be made to rest lightly, and a kick out of life will displace the aging of the spirit.

In this humor many conventional recreations are reinterpreted. Travel is given a twist far more appealing than any multicolored brochure of the steamship companies, and gadgeteering is transformed into the natural science of a Burbank. The library, the school—with a program for grown-ups—and the church "for strengthening in ourselves the sense of authentic values in life" all become dynamic things in man's environment which carries his spirit and his civilization to a higher, and more leisurely, level.

Do not think that Overstreet has become a modern Pippa. He finds much constructive need in this mundane world, but he pictures it in a vein free from irritation—his fault-finding is altogether leisurely.

Donald A. Laird has for a number of years been carrying on investigations into personal efficiency in the psychological laboratory of Colgate University.

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The New Books

Fiction

SARA ALONE. By N. S. Leitch. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.

All mortals are alone, but here is one whose solitude is confirmed and sealed by a special surliness of fate. Her gentle rearing, the care of a devoted guardian, are but preparation for the sacrifice. Mentally and physically fastidious, she is attracted by none of the young Londoners who in due season make their advances. But she succumbs at once to the young American painter, already famous, who feels she has something for him he has never found elsewhere. He is not a normal human being. A childish mother-worship has come to a rude end. He has found in his art the only escape from futile rancor toward life. Fame and adulation have not helped toward any true establishment of balance. Young Sara is "kind and beautiful and sane," and in his hour of longing he imagines he can be happy with her and make her happy. But in reality his only happiness lies in moments of successful creation. He is incapable of considering anybody's happiness or convenience but his own. Their child dies by his fault, and he feels no qualm. But he needs Sara, her goodness and long-suffering, for a refuge, and though she leaves him once he has only to beckon and she returns.

It is an old story. The original thing about this version is that it is told from the woman's point of view, yet without questioning the value of her sacrifice. After all, she is hardly more alone as a ministering presence in the life of this ruthless man of genius than she would be living solitary in the Cotswold cottage of which she has dreamed, and she may be of use. As in all such instances, we have to accept the postulate of the man's genius or the tale is naught. And after that we may again file the reservation that "temperament" is not enough.

H. W. B.

DARK POSSESSION. By Alice Lide and Margaret Alison Johansen. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.

Probably the most common cause of failure to make historical novels convincing is the tendency of writers who love spying out the dark backward of history, discovering how the forefathers lived and what aspect they wore, to clutter the narrative with quaint but extraneous material culled from the source books. The authors of "Dark Possession" have not quite resisted this beguilement. The book is—too obviously—documented by careful and enthusiastic research. In spite of this heavy-handedness it is a good and readable first novel, and the construction of the story has by no means been neglected. Furthermore there is the excuse that one of the two threads that twist to form the plot is the setting up of the Halstad family in the New World, a scene requiring much detailed description. Not all the details, however, are well enough assimilated to make their mention seem inevitable.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Christopher Halstad left his clockmaker's shop in London and came with his family to Carolina and began to build up his plantation, Seagirt. The account of their labors and the means by which they prospered makes one of those rich-textured stories that results when the characters are concerned with tangibles—things solid and pungent and satisfying to the senses.

The second thread is the dark possession by Regina Radney of her cousin, Theo Halstad, whom she tricks into marriage with that staggering unscrupulousness that innocent girls sometimes display in getting the man they love. The unfortunate Theo is no hero of old romance; chained in a loveless marriage, thwarted in his natural bent toward books and politics by his land-possessive wife who keeps him bound to the uncongenial routine of a planter, fatally fascinated by the voodoo practices of his African field-hands and always eaten by self-reproach, he is a tragic rather than an appealing figure. Regina's hapless passion for him redeems her from mere selfishness and secures for her the reader's sympathy.

Another serious problem of the historical romancer has not been satisfactorily solved by the authors—that of making the antiquated speech of the time sound real in the mouths of their characters. One remains somehow unmoved by the most significant remarks when they are prefaced with "I trow" and "I ween."

J. P.

TWO'S COMPANY. By Margaret Guion Herzog. Morrow. 1934. $2.

Here is a first book which provides for an evening's light entertainment—for its story is told almost entirely in sparkling dialogue which will hold any tired reader in its optimistic young world from cover to cover.

Mrs. Herzog is very much at home with her characters, all of whom are part of the post-war society of conspicuous pleasure seekers. Carried along on the impetus of a past generation of industrious men, they eat, drink, travel, spend money, love—without a thought of the struggle for livelihood, or the coming depression. Even their emancipated lingo and the frankness between the sexes, of which they are so proud, are an interchange struck from the mint of the war workers who fought for economic equality, and the victors of birth control.

Into this milieu of futility David Day, an automobile salesman, crashes, at a party, and promptly falls in love. David is a very good young man. In spite of his modern appearance he clings to the puritan virtues of integrity and patience. His hard life has given him a sense of values. The tension of the story derives from the difficulty of bringing about an adjustment between David's views and those of the girl he loves. A slight book but a well executed one.

N. C.

History

ORIENT AND OCCIDENT. By Hans Kohn. Day. 1934. $1.75.

Whatever Kipling said about East and West, it is undeniable that Occidental methods have greatly changed the aspect of the Orient, especially since the World War. Despotism is making way for, and sometimes actually enforcing democratic forms; modern laws and social principles have, to some extent, replaced creed and caste; and industries are growing in countries which a bare fifty years ago were but magazines of raw materials. Professor Kohn describes these developments concisely and urges that the similarity of the problems which they face should bring the people of the world into greater harmony of effort.

Medieval times provide the simplest analogy with which to examine the contrast of the Orient before and after the impact of industrial civilization. From about 1907 on, the revolution against the old order transformed the immense areas once looked on as mere cultural spheres into ardent and self-conscious nations, after the European model. The danger to world

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CRIME REPORTER *Georges du Parcq* (McBride: $2.50.)	M. du Parcq, with quarter century police-court experience in Paris, knows French underworld like book—and writes it.	One more proof that crime facts are stranger and more exciting than fiction.	Absorbing
THE CIPHER OF DEATH *F. L. Gregory* (Harper: $2.)	Explorers, fresh from Asia with secret data, die all over the place in swarms. Even M'sieu Bouvard is puzzled.	Sooner or later we knew the Old Man of the Mountain would stage a comeback—but not a rampage.	Take it with a bit of hashish

Awarded the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize

Stella Gibbons

witty, new English author has just been awarded the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize for her rowdy, devastating book that pokes a satirical finger at the earthy passionate novel:

COLD COMFORT FARM

"It is a masterpiece . . . all readers of fiction are hereby advised not to miss it. It is outrageously funny; it is clever; and it is necessary."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

"Stella Gibbons writes with a witty and wicked pen."—*London Times.* $2.00

Don't miss her latest hilarity—just published

BASSETT: A Novel for Spinsters

"It must be counted as one of the pleasantest books the spring has brought."—*London Times.*

"Those who remember *'Cold Comfort Farm'* will expect something unusual from her mischievous humor. Her delicately nipping wit makes this shrewdly entertaining new story as absorbing as melodrama."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 114 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

Books Worth Owning

BERNARD SHAW'S

Short Stories

This new book contains thirteen brilliant short stories—Shaw's first appearance in the field, all strikingly illustrated by John Farleigh, creator of *The Black Girl*, which is also included in this collection. $2.50

Alice James

Her Brothers—Her Journal

Introduction by ANNA ROBESON BURR

The sister of the famous James brothers: Henry, the novelist; William, the philosopher; Wilky and Bob, veterans of the Civil War, gives us here many private glimpses into their lives and an alert commentary on the times, *based wholly on unpublished family letters and documents.* $2.50

The Story of Gardening

By Richardson Wright

One of the most delightful and authoritative of present-day writers on gardening here sets down the whole story of gardening *from the hanging gardens of Babylon to the hanging gardens of New York. With many drawings and photographs.* $3.00

Colonel Lawrence

The Man Behind the Legend.

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Merchants of Death

Book-of-the-Month for May.

Fourth large printing! $2.50

DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 Fourth Avenue New York City

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Double-Crostics: Number 8

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

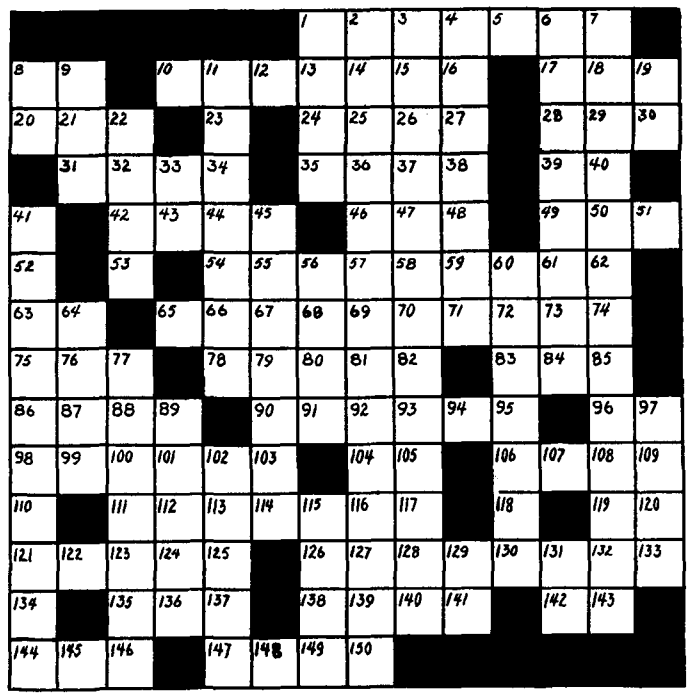
Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. 2-101-69-57-126-13-61-134-114. Scene of "Heart of Midlothian."
II. 52-96-71-21-4-62. Implement used in croquet.
III. 120-149-68-128-17-150-133-103-91-78-73. Free from influence.
IV. 92-63-147-102. Round, pendulous or projecting part.
V. 74-15-97. Nevertheless and notwithstanding.
VI. 30-47-3-79. A Shakespearean turtle.
VII. 72-113-18-105-118-98-124. To say repeatedly.
VIII. 65-32-99-55-116-75-132-83. Second degree angels.
IX. 35-22-12-119-7-44. Inspiration for the steam engine.
X. 112-140-67-41-130-56-36-117. Annoying substance or agent.
XI. 25-70-138-11-127-43-54-131. Famous Biblical city.
XII. 89-27-40-5-80-146. To change direction.
XIII. 26-9-46-81-100-16-51. Umbrage, transgression.
XIV. 29-139-38-143-50-108-76-121-145-86. Cult, belief (two words).
XV. 123-141-14-23-110-1. The Kings' henchmen (1688 and 1776).
XVI. 87-19-37-137-94-148. Agency of bad luck.
XVII. 84-10-31-122-48-53-93-107. To cast a spell.
XVIII. 58-49-8-111-129-95-135-34. Traveling gate-crasher.
XIX. 136-104-39-88-109-6-144-115-125. Proposer.
XX. 28-45-60-90-77. On high; far over.
XXI. 24-106-20-59-142. The last word in an honor society.
XXII. 33-64-42-66-82-85. Exertion, attempt.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
XVII. _____
XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 7)

MARK TWAIN—"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON"

They read those playful trifles in the solidest earnest. . . . That is just the way in this world; an enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect.

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these profound secrets burned with ancient libraries, or are they buried beneath crumbling Temple walls?

These wise men of the past knew the mysteries of life, and personal power. This wisdom is not lost,—it is withheld from the mass. It is offered freely TO YOU if with an open mind, you wish to step out of the rut of monotonous existence and MASTER YOUR LIFE.

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Man's intolerance has at times swept his achievements from the face of the earth, yet secret brotherhoods have preserved this sacred wisdom of the ages. The Rosicrucians, one of these ancient brotherhoods, INVITE YOU to write and secure a free copy of the "Wisdom of the Sages." It will point out how you may receive age-old truths. You can learn to MAKE YOUR LIFE ANEW—the fulfillment of your ideals awaits you. Address:

Friar J. W. E.
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A BOOK America really needs
YOU MUST RELAX
By Edmund Jacobson, M. D.
WALTER B. PITKIN says: "It meets the need of thousands of Americans who cannot 'let down' and take it easy . . . . Comes at exactly the right time in our history."
$1.50 Whittlesey House

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

stability of these rising aspirants to complete statehood, led by the full-grown powers of Japan and Russia, is especially acute at those points where imperialism impinges upon well-defined hopes of greatness. This is the demon of conflict which the author, a devout Liberal, wishes to exorcise, and he points out that the riddles of suffrage and labor, mechanical technique, and trade relations should be solved in common, without prejudice or mistrust.

The accounts of how transportation facilities are opening up the Near East and of how nationalism was fostered by simplifying the written language in various countries are particularly interesting. As a whole, the book is a good introduction to Asiatic conditions, though the bibliography attached is inadequate.

R. G.

Brief Mention

Here is a group of miscellaneous books so interesting that we wish we had space to review them at length. First is G. A. Phillips's *Aristocrats of the Border* (Scribner's, $3.50), an English book which will both stimulate and discourage American gardeners. Next, a handy travel and guide book on *Sweden, the Land and the People*, by Agnes Rothery (Viking Press). There are excellent chapters here on the background of Swedish life and a good bibliography. This is precisely the book which anyone going to Sweden this summer should read in advance. * * * The invaluable *The American Year Book for* 1933, edited by A. B. Hart and W. M. Schuyler, has just appeared (The American Year Book Corporation, New York, $7.50). * * * *Loose Leaves From a Busy Life* by the late Morris Hillquit (Macmillan, $2.50), is an informal, partial autobiography of this great Socialist leader. * * * *Russian Medieval Architecture* by David Roden Buxton (Macmillan, $7.00) contains an extraordinary series of pictures with chapters on history and background and also plans of some of the more important buildings. * * * In a field of opinion now the subject of eager debate, Bruce W. Brotherston has written his *A Philosophy for Liberalism* (Beacon Press, $2). He deals with both practical, scientific, and religious aspects. * * * A very handsome privately printed volume is *The History of the Bank of New York and Trust Company*, 1784-1934, written by Allan Nevins, with many illustrations. * * * At last a book has appeared in English containing an adequate study of the great Dutch historian of Quakerism, *Willem Sewel of Amsterdam*, 1653-1720 (Swarthmore College Monographs). Correspondence with William Penn and others is included in the study.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BELLES LETTRES

Horace Walpole and the English Novel. K. R. Mehrotra. Oxford: Blackwell.

BIOGRAPHY

Now I'll Tell. C. Rothstein. Vanguard. $2. *William the Silent.* E. F. Romig. New York: Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. *More Than Gold in California.* M. B. Ritter. Berkeley, Calif. *My Death and Revival.* C. Uxkull. Arrochar, S. I.: Emerald Pocket Library. *Mark Twain and Mussolini.* C. Clemens. Webster Groves, Mo.: Mark Twain Society. $1.50. *Memories of Jane A. Delano.* M. A. Clarke. New York: Lakeside Pub. Co. *Swift or the Egotist.* M. M. Rossi and J. M. Hone. Dutton. $5. *"To Markie."* The Letters of Robert E. Lee to Martha Custis Williams. Ed. A. Craven. Harvard Univ. Pr. $1.50. *Letters of William Michael Rossetti.* Ed. C. Gohdes and P. F. Baum. Duke Univ. Pr. $2.50.

ECONOMICS

Restoration. R. J. S. Hoffman. Sheed. $1.50. *The Breakdown of Money.* C. Hollis. Sheed. $1.50. *The Miracle of Mutual Savings.* W. D. Orcutt. Bowery Savings Bank.

GOVERNMENT

American State Government and Administration. A. F. Macdonald. Crowell. $3.75.

INTERNATIONAL

America's Recovery Program. Ed. C. Wilcox, H. F. Fraser, P. M. Malin. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2. *Sanctions and Treaty Enforcements.* P. S. Wild, Jr. Harvard Univ. Pr. *Reconstruction.* H. Macmillan. Macmillan. $1.40. *The State of the Soviet Union.* J. Stalin. International. 75 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

What to Do about Wines. E. and J. Van Maanen-Helmer. Smith & Haas. $1.75. *Yoga and Western Psychology.* G. Coster. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2. *English Domestic Silver.* C. C. Oman. Macmillan. $2.50. *"Sound" and Unsound Money.* T. O. Abbott. Harrisburg, Pa.: Telegraph Press. $1.50. *French Wines.* P. de Carsagnac. Dutton. $2.50. *Exploring the Upper Atmosphere.* D. Fisk. Oxford Univ. Pr. $1.75.

PAMPHLETS

Problems of the Jews in the Contemporary World. C. E. Shulman. Chicago: Argus Book Shop. 50 cents. *Schools and the Crisis.* R. David. International Pamphlets. 10 cents.

PSYCHOLOGY

Developmental Psychology. F. L. Goodenough. Appleton.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SPORTS LODGE on Lake, now $2.00 per day including excellent meals; after Decoration Day $15.00 per week up and $3.50 weekends; modern, baths, tennis court, boat, canoes, riding, private dock, croquet, fishing, separate recreation building; 51 miles from N. Y. Run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J. Phone: NEtcong 413-J-2.

IN EXCEPTIONALLY nice old house, sunny 3-room and garden apartment. Also drawing-room floor apartment, 3 spacious rooms and kitchen, view lovely gardens front and rear. Attic apartment with possibilities. On Brooklyn Heights; quiet, cool, 5 minutes to Wall St. All subways 3 minutes. Telephone TRiangle 5-0335.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; blueberry pie, lobster, new peas; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

YOUNG MAN, 26, College Graduate, speaks French fluently, German, Spanish passably, desires position traveling companion or commercial for summer. Knows shorthand, typing. Box 688.

CULTURED JEWESS desires acquaintance New York gentleman over 35. Box 689.

SAN FRANCISCO OR BAY DISTRICT. Trained nurse, well educated, cheerful. Desires position as companion-secretary, chaperon. Widely traveled. Drives any car. Expert dietician and masseuse. Physical culturist (but not too strenuous). Sincere appreciation of music and literature, excellent reader. Understands everything pertaining to management of home and making others comfortable. Maida. Box 693.

WANTED:—Well-bred cheerful Christian woman needs summer position June-September. Working housekeeper or companion to invalid or convalescent child, or grown-up. Good practical nurse, cook, experienced in dietetics. Competent, economical. Drives car. References. Box 694.

COLLEGE GIRL desires position as governess or tutor—references. Box 717.

LIBRARIAN, 27, pleasant, capable—three years college, two years large library in States, five years in Pacific island library, desires any work with books—in States, or as companion and reader to invalid. Excellent references. Box 720.

YOUNG WOMAN, 32, tolerant, personable, now browsing in the Carolina mountains. Interests: literature, outdoors, travel. Would correspond with unattached man of wide horizons. Box 699.

DARING but sedate young man wishes tutoring job for summer. Math. through calculus, English. Sidelines: rowing, swimming, lawn-mowing, ploughing, tennis, bridge. Captain Kidd.

YOUNG WOMAN, attractive, artistic, wonders whether Cleveland contains interesting man, thirty or so, tall, and music-lover. Box 22.

YOUNG WOMAN wants to know man in his thirties for leisure time companionship—books, bridge, fun. Pittsburgh.

SUMMER HOME; woods, rocks, waves, private dock, garage, simple living, accessibility and companionship or privacy and seclusion. Owner will welcome women guests or family. Box 701.

WIDOW, 26, educated, adaptable, personable, desires any legitimate occupation—secretary, companion, housekeeper, mother's helper, leave city, travel. IMPECUNIOUS.

J. F. P.—Letter sent two weeks late; much interested, knowing Trinidad and Demarara. Please try again. Alice.

INVALIDED, INCOMELESS, I renew subscriptions to all periodicals, to support family threesome. May I renew yours? Correspondence, and visitors, welcome. Box 702.

NEW CAR, gentleman teacher's services available for expenses. Tour anywhere. Teach boys. Any proposition considered. Box 703.

SOUTHERN WOMAN wishes position as secretary or companion for summer. Will go anywhere. Can drive car. Box 709.

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PERSONALS

SALESMAN selling (for himself) over $400 worth retail goods monthly at 80% gross profit. Unable to buy merchandise for delivery and payment. Who'll help me out for 20% participation. Permanent partnership idea entertained. Address Opportunity.

SWISS MEADOWS—Small old beamed, paneled mountainside farmhouse; also separate cabin; wide fireplaces, library, 500 acres woods, fields, brooks, apple, lilac, wild azalea blossoms (betimes); meals not always regular but ample, served on terrace overlooking Greylock and Berkshire valleys, or beside crackling fires. $5 day, $25 week, including afternoon tea. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

N. Y. C. sublet summer private garden apartment on green. 3 liberated rooms, satin waterfalls, mirror pools, fireplace, white silence, no dust. Complete. $75 monthly. "The Canadian."

MOUNT HOLYOKE CAMPUS. Faculty home available July-August, $150. Adults. D. E. Adams, South Hadley, Mass.

WANTED: active young people interested promoting sale national magazine of growing political importance. Liberal commissions. Box 705.

FOR BED and BREAD, in retreat, writer, known, would divide income, assume duties and if acceptable offer companionship. Not looking for vacation; damnably healthy, energetic, always good earner. Friendly, unobtrusive, imaginative, conjuring unending possibilities such partnership. Box 711.

YOUNG WOMAN—college graduate and experience in education, 26, attractive, pleasing. Desires summer work, preferably seashore. Lucile.

WILL RENT for four months most delightfully furnished home, Colonial Farmhouse type, seven rooms, three baths, two-car garage, pleasantly located, New Rochelle, $125 monthly. Box 706.

FOR RENT May 30th to October 15th. Attractive, six-room, newly remodeled farmhouse with large living porch, on shore of trout stocked, thirty-nine acre lake in unspoiled section of southern Vermont. Swimming, canoeing. Communicate with owner, Dr. C. C. Sweet, 13 Maple Pl., Ossining, N. Y. Tel. Ossining 386.

SON OF INTERMARRIAGE (half Frenchman, half Russian) cultured, refined, cheerful, offers his services as nurse-masseur, secretary, traveling companion to a sick, convalescent, middle aged, elderly gentleman or lady. Many years of experience. Excellent references. City, country, abroad, anywhere, any place. Good home desired, salary secondary. Box 707.

APARTMENT off lower Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. Spacious living room, bedroom, closets, kitchenette, bath, fireplaces, private elevator. Attractive furnishings include perfect Steinway concert grand, victrola, record library. Reasonable. Box 708.

CULTURED noblewoman, attractive, neither fat nor forty. Family diplomats. Rare advantages, education, languages, travel. Intelligence, understanding, energy, artistic, humorous, excellent dancer, outdoor sports, driven own car in fourteen countries, converse on anything, executive ability, business sense, good connections and knowledge styling and designing. Could represent firm in Europe, business enterprise, or traveling companion, allowing couple hours daily for writing. Can someone advise, or put me on right track. Box 710.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Silent partner or active, will consider sale. Small exclusive Inn, southern Vermont, Colonial architecture, thoroughly modern in its appointments, built 1796, choice antique furnishings, same management fifteen years, always prosperous, never on market. Country Club with golf and tennis adjoins, interesting colony, many writers and artists, among the best. Communication with intelligent person, certified financial backing required. Box 727.

C. R. O. Both blurbs received. First reply not published. Sorry unable to be at Waldorf. Phone Park Lane, Cleveland, Ohio, or write. "Miss B."

MEDICAL STUDENT, graduating, wishes to travel. Adventure preferred, but would conduct tour. LINGUIST.

FOR SALE—mental or physical energy for consumption during the summer months, generated by young college instructor with sense of humor, some intelligence, and active interest in life. Box 721.

FURNISHED APARTMENT. Riverside Drive, near Columbia University. Four large bedrooms, two baths. Superb river view. Delightfully cool. Piano, books. Maid service for cleaning. June 7th-September 22nd. $125 monthly. Box 713.

QUICK SALE CHEAP—New Royal typewriter. Inquire J. H. Williams, 101 Park Ave., As 4-1874.

RENT FURNISHED, July and August, nice old house, modern, two baths, garden, orchard, garage, near park and woods, cool suburb, convenient for New York commuter, surprisingly reasonable. Box 712.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

JOURNEYING THROUGH THE AGES

A LITERARY club [writes E. P. C. of Athens, O.] *decided rather impetuously to study the literature of travel for a year. The committee on programs had not foreseen this, intending that the ladies should choose some such refined subject as Modernism in Art. But that day the sun was shining and all the gutters were running brooks. So we shall travel.*

And E. P. C. goes on to say that the club's interpretation of the literature of travel is an assemblage of the great tales of adventurers and travellers, beginning with the Odyssey and advancing through Marco Polo and John Mandeville. We'll take on where she left off, but first we want to safeguard ourselves against the protests of those who will object to our omissions by stating that we are not attempting a list that in any way pretends to be comprehensive, that it is not even a list of the "best" books, but simply of a few volumes that have generally been acknowledged to be among the classics of travel.

First, of course, since Marco Polo and John Mandeville are out of the way, we come to that great chronicler who in the sixteenth century collected records of many voyagers, edited and published them with such success that they went into several editions in his lifetime, Richard Hakluyt. His complete works, with an introduction by John Masefield, are to be had in the Everyman's Library edition (Dutton), and belong in every library of travel. Along toward the last quarter of the next century came an English traveller who wrote much and voluminously, and who was widely read in his time. Of his many works Arthur Young's TRAVELS IN FRANCE AND ITALY (Everyman's Library) is almost the only one in print today, but that is well worth the attention of students of travel. Young's principal interest was in agriculture, and the rural aspects of the land through which he journeyed claimed a large part of his attention. While he was writing, the English-speaking world was reading with avidity the works of another British traveller, Mungo Park. Park was the discoverer of the Niger, and his TRAVELS IN AFRICA (Scribners) roused widespread interest just as in the nineteenth century the records of Stanley and Livingstone found a great public. If the club having read these annals of hazardous adventure is ready for something less heroic, it might turn to George Borrow's LAVENGRO and ROMANY RYE (Everyman's Library) with their gypsy lore and their general philosophical reflection on what passed before the wayfarer, or to Kinglake's EÖTHEN (Lippincott), letters written home on a tour of the East in 1840, or to Darwin's VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE (Appleton). This voyage Darwin himself accounted "by far the most important event in my life, and [it] has determined my whole career." Only a few months ago Macmillan brought out the complete text of the manuscript journal of the voyage, edited by the great scientist's granddaughter, under the title A DIARY OF THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. BEAGLE. We've been looking through it, and can vouch for its being full of interest. If the curiosity of the club is awakened in regard to South America by this book, and if it wants to read more on that continent, it will find delightful matter in Viscount Bryce's SOUTH AMERICA (Macmillan) and Cunninghame Graham's A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC (Dodd, Mead). We had almost forgotten to mention, as we went our way from the past to the recent present, that American classic of travel which remains one of the few of its author's books still read today, Bayard Taylor's VIEWS AFOOT (Putnam), a record of wanderings which in its day was immensely popular and which did much to rouse the desire of Americans to travel in Europe. We mustn't forget to mention either the works of such foreign visitors to the United States as Mrs. Trollope, with her DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS (Dodd, Mead) and Harriet Martineau with her AMERICAN TRAITS (now out of print). We came skipping along through famous names, we now realize, without noting Stevenson's TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY and AN INLAND VOYAGE, or Dickens's AMERICAN NOTEBOOKS, or Hawthorne's OUR OLD HOME and FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTEBOOKS, or Mark Twain's INNOCENTS ABROAD (Harpers). But then, as we said in the beginning, we're not attempting to be inclusive, or even selective in any critical sense, but merely to put down a few outstanding titles. We've not quite finished with those yet, for we can't omit mention of Doughty's TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA (Liveright), and Tomlinson's THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE (Harpers), and T. E. Lawrence's REVOLT IN THE DESERT (Doubleday, Doran), which, though not a travel book in the ordinary understanding of the term, is a grand portrayal of peoples and region. And now to E. P. C. and her club, *Bon Voyage*.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DRAMA

J. W. N. of St. Albans, Vt., *wants "an authentic text, concise, and complete in one volume, of the development of the drama in English, and suggestions as to books on the drama of France, Germany, and Russia with a list of the most characteristic and finest plays of these countries. Also a book stressing particularly the theatre in Shakespeare's time.*

Benjamin Brawley's A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA (Harcourt, Brace) will, we think, meet the first of J. W. N.'s requirements. As to the second, Barrett H. Clark's A STUDY OF THE MODERN DRAMA (Appleton), supplemented by Brieux's THREE PLAYS (Brentano) and Rostand's CYRANO and CHANTECLER (Duffield, which we suppose now means Dodd, Mead); Sudermann's MAGDA (French) and THE JOY OF LIVING (Scribners), Hauptmann's plays (Viking), and Schnitzler's ANATOL AND OTHER PLAYS (Modern Library), and the plays of Chekhov, Ostrovsky, and Andreiev (all published by Scribners) ought to at least show him to his goal. There is a vast amount on the theatre of Shakespeare's day, but perhaps a work like A. H. Thorndike's SHAKESPEARE'S THEATER will suffice for his needs.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
CAPPY RICKS COMES BACK *Peter B. Kyne* (Kinsey: $2.)	Short Stories	Several of the old Cappy Ricks yarns bound in one volume. They're obviously "dated."	Pre-1929
OH! DEFINITELY *Maurice Lincoln* (McBride: $2.)	Farce	Fast farce in which Sir Peter's wife and his pal confront him with the supposed result of one of his early wild oats. Peter crosses the plot by acknowledging the boy whom he knows to be a phoney.	Lemon Meringue
THE WIND BLOWS WEST *Christine Whiting Parmenter* (Crowell: $2.)	Novel	Young love against a prairie schooner background, the gold-seekers of the 1850's. Romance built primarily for the ladies.	Familiar
THE LAST PIONEERS *Melvin Levy* (King: $2.50.)	Novel	The history of the growth of a Puget Sound City fictionalized in the story of three of its prominent citizens. It might have been a corker.	Interesting

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SUMMER CLEARANCE CATALOGUE—16R. Free on request. Contains 600 bargains—Americana, first editions, curiosa, miscellaneous. Old Hickory Bookshop, 65 5th Ave.

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DESIDERATA

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. New list ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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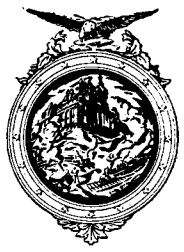

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LANDLADIES sometimes guess wrong in regard to authors. There was one author just recently living in very poor lodgings in a small Florida town. The landlady decided finally to evict her. Two hours after eviction the author flourished a telegram before her and the landlady wanted her back. That particular author was *Zora Hurston,* who has written "Jonah's Gourd Vine," a novel J. B. Lippincott has just published and much admires. . . . The most sustained and probably the best poem *Horace Gregory* has yet produced—and he's one of the younger American poets from whom we have come to expect most in the near future—will appear in July through Covici, Friede. It has a title we like, "Phoenix in Broadcloth," and is in a series of dramatic episodes, with prologue and epilogue, the whole a commentary upon the present and possible future of America. . . . There is no longer any mystery about the authorship of the book of short stories we have recently liked best. *Isak Dinesen,* reputed author of "Seven Gothic Tales," turns out to be *Baroness Blixen* of Rungstedlund, Denmark. Dinesen was her maiden name. She is only carrying out the family tradition with her writing, for her father before her made a considerable contribution to Danish literature. He was an officer in the French as well as the Danish Army, and at one time lived for three years among the American Indians in Minnesota. On his return to Denmark he wrote two books under the pseudonym of Boganis, by which name the Indians called him. . . . *Kenneth Roberts,* concerning whose novel, "Rabble in Arms," we were the first to burst into loud cheers, is coming back from a long vacation in Italy, and his new novel is to be "Captain Cautious," a tale of privateering in the War of 1812. It is in the tradition of "The Lively Lady," the book about the mighty adventures of the seamen of Arundel. Mr. Roberts's "Arundel" and "Rabble in Arms," both concerned with Benedict Arnold's exploits in the Revolution, are now required reading in many college courses on American history. They certainly ought to be. . . . The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is opening its *Joseph Conrad* Memorial Library next Thursday afternoon, May 24th, at 4:15 P. M. *Christopher Morley* is to speak informally about his recollections of the great seaman-novelist and *Sir T. Ashley Sparks,* Chairman of the Conrad Library Committee, will preside. The library will be the first of its kind in this country. . . . *Harold Lamb,* that old specialist on the medieval East, with his "Genghis Khan," his "Tamerlane," and so on, has completed for Autumn publication the manuscript of "Omar Khayyam," a fictionized biography of the Persian astronomer and poet who "divorced religion and learning from his bed and took the daughter of the grape to bride." Mr. Lamb has travelled in Omar's country and discussed him with many Persians. . . . "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," that story of a retired English public school instructor, by *James Hilton,* which appeared in the April *Atlantic* and immediately drew forth a great deal of enthusiastic comment, will be published in book form on June 8th, as "An Atlantic Book," by Little, Brown and Company. . . . If you are not an intimate friend of Hopalong Cassidy, probably some small boy in your family is. The Hopalong books have sold close to a million and a half copies. *Clarence E. Mulford,* their author, has just published his new "Trail Dust," through Doubleday, Doran, and, in connection with that book, has lent his publishers for window display a cherished possession of his, same being the particular Sharp rifle with which Sitting Bull was killed. Mr. Mulford got it from the mayor of Sulphur, Oklahoma, two years ago. He has quite a collection of fire arms of the Old West, so he was delighted when he discovered this authentic and historic gun. The number is 51281. . . . Watch out for a book of poems by a young Rhodes scholar from Iowa, which Doubleday will publish in June. It is *Paul Engle's* "American Song." . . . *Helen Hayes* is to play "Vanessa" when *Hugh Walpole's* well-known novel reaches the screen. . . . *Thornton Wilder* is working on his novel "Heaven is My Destination," the story of an American traveling salesman. . . . The late *Louis Joseph Vance* left a full length novel, "False Cards," which was published in the May *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* . . . The other evening we had dinner at one of our favorite places which is dominated by an irrepressible character known as Janet of France. Her most pleasing restaurant is right next door to the Guild Theatre. We hear that it was visited, while he was here, by *Bernard Shaw.* At least "a tall venerable gentleman with a reddish beard and sharp eyes" dropped in during an intermission at a Theatre Guild show. So Janet placed her famous autograph book before him and he signed "George Bernard Shaw." Janet says hers—and that was when it was—is the only speakeasy ever visited by the Irish satirist.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Norman Baker, of Laredo, Texas, sends us a circular about a book called *The Throttle* which tells the story of his life—"a man who has repeatedly battled, like a belated St. Michael against dragons not fantasied in the minds of languid lackadaisical poets, but actually living in gross horridness." The book, his circular tells us, is "bound in lavender," which is surely a rather lackadaisical color? ☞Little, Brown and Company will shortly publish James Hilton's novelette *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* which aroused much comment in the April *Atlantic.* ☞But the book we advise Little, Brown to put all their steam behind is the superb novel about Spain, *Matador,* by Marguerite Steen. Old Quercus had a chance to read it in proof and rates it *tête de cuvée.* ☞Mr. Frank Percival Price, carilloneur to the Dominion Government at Ottawa and also of the Riverside Church in N. Y. C. (has he read *The Nine Tailors?*) spent a night in jail in Vienna for being in a hurry to get shaved. His dashing in and out of a barber shop where Dollfuss was expected aroused the suspicions of the police. So, at any rate, says the sprightly old Oxford University Press, which has just published Mr. Price's book *The Carillon.* ☞Albert A. Frantz writes us that Rev. E. A. R. Rumball-Petre of 2 Grace Court, Brooklyn, has the only Bible exchange in America. He specializes in importing rare old Bibles of the 16th and 17th centuries. He has picked up King James versions of 1613 for as little as $10.

☞Alfred A. Knopf is arranging a dinner in honor of Thomas Mann on June 6, Dr. Mann's 59th birthday. This will be Thomas Mann's first visit to the United States; he will remain only ten days. ☞One of the most attractive seagoing libraries Old Quercus has ever seen is the modernist bibliothèque of the French Line paquebot *Champlain.* ☞Two words proletarian Old Quercus cannot endure are *topcoat* and *socialite.* ☞Okolehao, that superb Hawaiian whiskey, is still contraband on the Mainland, but we hear that the government is going to make a ruling about it. If it ever becomes legal we should love to be associated with its praise and distribution.

☞The Dauber & Pine Bookshops, 66 Fifth Avenue, are preparing to issue their 150th catalogue. ☞John Howell, well-known bookseller in San Francisco, sends us an entertaining review of Alexander Smith's early poems, from *The Ladies Repository* of October 1853. The reviewer found Smith's poems "studded with beautiful gems," but said that "the *damning* defect is in the lack of elevated moral character and correct moral teaching." ☞John Howell gave a radio talk in San Francisco to celebrate the recent twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Charles and Kathleen Norris. ☞Leura Bevis of Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, has been having a grand time cataloguing old cookery books and MSS. She finds herself especially startled by "Eels in Ragout," "Snail Water," and "Pearl Powder with crabs' eyes." And she has learned that camomile tea, with 20 grains of white vitriol, is a cure for Histericks or Great Lowness of Spirit. ☞Clifford Gessler, book critic in Honolulu, is off in the South Seas with a scientific expedition from the Bishop Museum. The craft is an 80-foot motor sampan, to visit Fanning Island, Tahiti, the Tuamotu and Austral Islands, Pitcairn, Rapa and Mangareva, etc.

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